MICHIGAN
SPECIAL
DAYS
1911
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SUGGESTED EXERCISES

FOR

MICHIGAN SPECIAL DAYS

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1911

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DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION

Lansing, February 1, 1911.

To the Teachers of Michigan:

This book contains suggestive programs for the observance of special days and is published in the hope that it will help both teachers and pupils. Such exercises are, without doubt, a most helpful factor in school training. Teachers, however, should not make the mistake of too frequently interrupting the work of the school with formal exercises. Often the most beneficial results are obtained from correlating the work in language, reading, geography, history, and manual training around the thought of the day or season.

The work varies necessarily with grades and schools. For these reasons no arbitrary programs could be given for all schools. As far as conditions will allow the dramatization of stories in connection with the reading or language lessons will be valuable work. The dramatizations are usually worked out by the pupils guided by the teacher. The memorizing of poems and quotations should be continued throughout the year. Many songs should be learned and care should be exercised in their selection.

The work should be such as will teach patriotism, the love of the good and the beautiful, and an appreciation of the best literature. "What a boy loves when he leaves school is worth more to him and the nation than what he knows."

The suggestions for Arbor and Bird Day are for the purpose of awakening an interest in nature study and furnishing information concerning the value of trees and birds. This study should lead to practical results. The work should be of an aesthetic, commercial, and utilitarian nature.

Many of the selections are taken from similar publications of other states and acknowledgement of such indebtedness is made. Grateful acknowledgment is made to publishing houses for the use of selections from their publications; to teachers of Ironwood and the Western State Normal for dramatizations; to Dr. W. J. Beal of Amherst, Mass., Will Carleton, the Michigan poet, Prof. W. B. Barrows, Prof. R. H. Pettit, and Prof. C. P. Halligan of Michigan Agricultural College for contributions; also to the Brown Picture Co., Beverly, Mass., the State Normal Schools, Michigan Agricultural College, and the Educational Publishing Co., for the use of plates. Credit is given the National Association of Audubon Societies for the use of colored bird plates. The cover was designed by Miss Emelia Goldsworthy of Kalamazoo.

Very truly yours,

L. L. WRIGHT,

Superintendent of Public Instruction.

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LABOR DAY

FIRST MONDAY IN SEPTEMBER

MEMORY GEMS

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him;
There is always work,—and tools to work withal,
For those who will; and blessed be the horny hands of toil.
—J. R. Lowell.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy.
—Frances S. Osgood.

We have hard work to do and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle—face it—
'Tis God's gift.
Get work, get work, be sure
It is better than what we work to get.
—Mrs. Browning.

Aim to be what you would like to seem to be.
—The School Journal.

You will find that luck is only pluck
To try things over and over.
—Ella Higginson.

These are gifts I ask,
Of the Spirit serene.
Strength for the daily task,
Courage to face the road.
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load,
And, for the hours of rest that come between,
And inward joy in all things heard and seen.
These are the sins I fain
Would have thee take away;
Malice and cold disdain,
Hot anger, sullen hate,
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great.
And discontent that casts a shadow gray,
On all the brightness of the day.
—Henry van Dyke.

Pass, therefore not today in vain,
For it will never come again.
—Omar Khayyam.

The worthiness of life depends upon the way in which the every-day duties are done.—Theodore Roosevelt.

Nothing is gained without work.—French Proverb.

There is no work that is not honorable in the cause of humanity.
—Besant.

There's life alone in duty done,
And rest alone in striving.
—Whittier.

Toil, and the arm grows strong,
Sluggards are ever weak.
Toil, and the earth gives forth
Riches to those that seek.
—James P. Bloomfield.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife.
—Longfellow.

The greatest genius God ever gave a man is the genius of hard work.
—Edward Olney.

Round swings the hammer of industry,
Quickly the sharp chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings
That stirs not the bosom of kings.

'Tis not the blood of kith or kin,
'Tis not the color of the skin;
'Tis the true heart that beats within
Which make the man a man and brother.

Toil, I repeat—toil either of the brain, or of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood, the only true nobility.

Talk not to me of the stock whence you grew;
But show me your stock by what you can do.
—Spurgeon.

From labor health, from health contentment springs.—Beattie.

He who is honest is noble
Whatever his fortune or birth.
—Alice Cary.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain, and power,
Fit to cope with anything,—
These are wanted every hour.

The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops, but the kind of men the country turns out.

—R. W. Emerson.

Small service is true service while it lasts.
Of humblest friends, bright creature, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

—Wordsworth.

This is the gospel of labor—
Sing it, ye bells of the kirk;
The Lord of love came down from above
To live with the men who work.
This is the rose He planted,
Here is the thorn-curst soil;
Heaven is blest with a perfect rest,
But the blessing of earth is toil.

—Henry van Dyke.

PLUCK

Be firm. One constant element of luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.
See yon tall shaft? It felt the earthquake's thrill,
Clung to its base, and greets the sunlight still.

Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip
But only crow-bars loose the bulldog's grip;
Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields,
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields.

Yet, in opinions look not always back;
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming track;
Leave what you've done for what you have to do.
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Labor is rest from the sorrows that greet us,
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from the world-sirens that lure us to ill.

Work,—the pure Slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work,—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down, wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

THE NOBLEST MEN

The noblest men that live on earth,
  Are men whose hands are brown with toil;
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
  Hew down the woods, and till the soil;
And win thereby a prouder name
Than follows king's or warrior's fame.

The working men, whate'er their task,
  Who carve the stone or bear the hod,
They wear upon their honest brows
  The royal stamp and seal of God;
And worthier are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble working men,
  Who rear the cities of the plain;
Who dig the mines, who build the ships,
  And drive the commerce of the main.
God bless them! for their toiling hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

THE WILL AND THE WAY

It was a noble Roman,
  In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker
  Before the castle say,
"They're safe in such a fortress;
  There is no way to shake it!"
"On, on," exclaimed the hero
  "I'll find a way or make it!"

Is Fame your aspiration?
  Her path is steep and high;
In vain he seeks her temple,
  Content to gaze and sigh.
The shining throne is waiting;
  But he alone can take it
Who says with Roman firmness,
  "I'll find a way or make it!"

Is learning your ambition?
  There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
  Must climb to her abode,
Who feels the thirst for knowledge,
  In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
  "To find a way or make it!"

—John G. Saxe.

NOBILITY

True worth is in being, not seeming—
  In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in dreaming
  Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in their blindness,
  And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
  And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
  We cannot do wrong and feel right;
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,
  For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
  The bush for the robin and wren;
But alway the path that is narrow
  And straight, for the children of men.

'Tis not in the pages of story
  The heart of its ills to beguile,
Though he who makes courtship to Glory
  Gives all that he hath for her smile.
For when from her heights he has won her,
  Alas! it is only to prove
That nothing's so sacred as honor,
  And nothing so loyal as love!

We cannot make bargains for blisses,
  Nor catch them like fishes in nets;
And sometimes the thing our life misses,
  Helps more than the thing which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
  Nor gaining of great nor of small,
But just in the doing; and doing
  As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,
  Against the world early and late,
No jot of our courage abating—
  Our part is to work and to wait,
And slight is the sting of his trouble
  Whose winnings are less than his worth;
For he who is honest is noble,
  Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—Alice Cary.

THE HERITAGE

The rich man's son inherits lands,
  The piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
  And tender flesh that fears the cold,
  Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
  The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
  And soft white hands could hardly earn
  A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
  His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
  Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
  And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
  Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
  King of two hands, he does his part
  In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
  Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
  Content that from employment springs,
  A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
  A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
  A fellow-feeling that is sure
  To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

—James Russell Lowell.

DUTY

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Whose love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpet, ring no bells;
The book of life, the shining record tells.
Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes,
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by three shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

—Robert Browning.

COLUMBUS DAY

OCTOBER TWELFTH

The program should consist mainly of stories told by the pupils of the conditions in Europe, ideas of the earth, knowledge of geography, commerce, and incidents in the life of Columbus.

COLUMBUS

What treasure found he? Chains and pains and sorrow—
Yea, all the wealth those noble seekers find
Whose footfalls mark the music of mankind!
'Twas his to lend a life: 'twas man's to borrow:
'Twas his to make, but not to share, the morrow.

—Theodore Watts-Dunton.

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone;
Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why say, sail on! and on!"

"My men grow mut'nous day by day;
My men grow gastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave wash'd his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say, at break of day:
'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanch'd mate said;
"Why now, not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, and say—"
He said: "Sail on! and on!"

They sailed, they sailed, then spoke his mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night,
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And thro' the darkness peered that night.
Ah, darkest night! and then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew—a star-lit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn;
He gained a world! he gave that world
Its watch-word: "On! and on!"

THANKSGIVING DAY

LAST THURSDAY IN NOVEMBER

QUOTATIONS.

Let us give thanks to God upon Thanksgiving Day. Nature is beautiful, and fellow-men are dear, and duty is close beside us, and He is over us and in us.

—Phillips Brooks.

For the earth and all its beauty;
For the sky and all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows,
That rest the dazzled sight;
For the tokens of Thy presence,
Within, above, abroad;
For Thine own, great gift of being
I thank Thee, oh, my God!

For mellow pears we have gathered in,
For rosy apples and well-filled bin,
That tell of a fruitful year;
For golden grain that is stored away,
For fragrant piles of the clover hay
Let us thank our Father dear.

For the year that is past, and the year to come,
For the grateful song of our Harvest Home,
For the home that we have here;
For the thoughts and fancies that round it cling,
For the hearts that love and the lips that sing,
Let us thank our Father dear.

—Dora Read Goodale.

It is a comely fashion to be glad;
Joy is a grace we say to God.

—Jean Ingelow.

It is the Puritan's Thanksgiving Day,
And gathered home from fresher homes around,
The old man's children keep the holiday,
In dear New England since the fathers slept,
The sweetest holiday of all the year.

—J. G. Holland.

O, give thanks unto the Lord for he is good.

For every winding forest path,
For every stretch of sedge and sea,
For every pebbly brook that rills its song of glee:
I thank Thee, Lord.

He who waits for Thanksgiving Day to be thankful, will not be thankful when it comes. —Selected.

THE HARVEST FESTIVAL OF KALAMAZOO

ARRANGED BY TRAINING SCHOOL ASSEMBLY COMMITTEE, WESTERN STATE NORMAL.

The Thanksgiving program given in the Training School Assembly of the Western State Normal, November, 1910, was one in which the dominant note was the giving of thanks for the harvests of the fields of Kalamazoo. It was made so objective, however, that even the youngest child could grasp its meaning and enter heartily into the spirit of praise.

Similar programs can be devised which are adapted to the special products of the region in which given. A few language lessons may be profitably devoted to the working out of the dramatization and much of the material used in the costumes and for decoration will provide interesting lessons in construction and drawing.

Song by School:
"Come, Thou Almighty King."
Responsive Reading:
"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His loving kindness,
And for His wonderful works to the children of men."
Response:
"Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good,
For His loving kindness endureth forever."

"Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;
Sing praises upon the harp unto our God,
Who covereth the heavens with clouds;
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains,
He giveth to the beast His food,
And to the young ravens which cry."
Response:
"Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good,
For His loving kindness endureth forever."

"Let the people praise Thee, Oh God;
Let all the people praise Thee.
The earth hath yielded its increase;
God, even our own God, will bless us."
Response:
"Oh give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good,
For His loving kindness endureth forever."

Song by School:
"The Lord is my Shepherd."

Enter in slow procession, from the rear of the stage, the Queen of the Harvest preceded by four trumpeters and followed by two pages. The Queen takes her seat upon the throne; pages stand on either side; trumpeters kneel before her.

Queen rises.

"Now is the harvest time of the year. Let the offerings of the fields be brought to my throne." (Pointing to each trumpeter in turn.) "Go thou to the east, thou to the north, thou to the west, and thou to the south, and command all my faithful subjects to bring unto me of the fruits of their fields, that we may spread them before us, and give unto the giver of all these gifts our grateful thanks. Arise. Go forth."

(Trumpeters rise and pass to the four corners of the stage. Thumpeter of the East blows trumpet and cries—)

"Hear ye! hear ye! People of the East, bring in a gift of the grain with which ye have been blessed."

(Groups of children enter from the rear of the room bearing sheaves of wheat, stalks of corn, and baskets filled with ears of corn, followed by the millers carrying sacks of flour. As they ascend the stage, they are met by the trumpeter who precedes them to the throne.

(All kneel before the queen.)

Trumpeter—

"Accept, Oh Queen, this gift of grain from the people of the East."

Queen—

"The Lord has surely blessed thee, people of the East. Arise and take your places about my throne."

Trumpeter of the North—

"Hear ye! Hear ye! People of the North, bring hither from the abundance of your gardens a gift of vegetables for the Harvest Queen."

(Enter bearers of potatoes, cabbages, etc.)

Trumpeter—

"Accept the gift of vegetables from the people of the North."

Queen—

"Truly, ye have much to be thankful for. Arise. Take places about my throne."

Trumpeter of the West—

"Hear ye! Hear ye! People of the West, bring in a gift of fruits from the abundance of your orchards."

(Enter bearers of apples, grapes, etc.)

Queen—

"Praise ye the Lord for these fruits from your orchards. You, too, may join in the circle."

Trumpeter—

"Hear ye! Hear ye! People of the West, bring in a gift of nuts from the abundance of your forests."

(Enter little children carrying sacks of nuts, weighed down with their burden.)

Trumpeter—
"We lay before thee our gift of nuts from the forests of the west."

Queen—
"Let the little nut gatherers sit at the foot of my throne."

Trumpeter of the South—
"Hear ye! Hear ye! People of the South, bring to the Harvest Queen a bouquet of your best celery from your rich lands."
(While the celery bearers kneel before the throne.)

Trumpeter—
"Accept this bouquet of Kalamazoo's best celery."

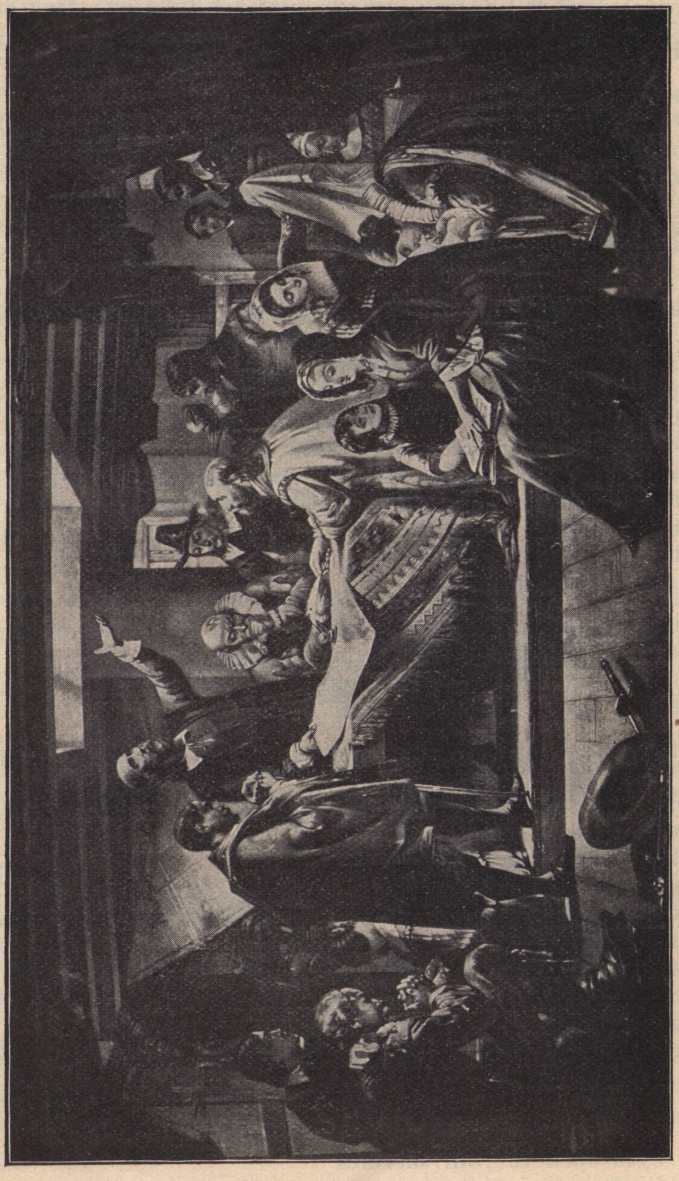
Queen—
"This celery from the fields of Kalamazoo is the best of the season's gift. Arise, and take your places about my throne."
(Arising from her throne, the Queen then says—)
"All the people of Kalamazoo have much to be thankful for. Let it be proclaimed through all the lands that tomorrow will be a day of praise and thanksgiving for the gifts of the harvest. The President of the United States has sent us the following proclamation —Trumpeter steps forward and reads proclamation. Queen rising from throne waves her hand in signal that all should stand, saying—) "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."
Doxology sung by School.

Stage settings: Golden throne in center banked with ears of corn and pumpkins, cornstalks, piles of nuts and vegetables.
Costumes: Queen; flowing white garments, trimmed with autumn foliage, wreath of green upon her head.

Pages: In white with garlands of leaves and crowns of painted pumpkins.
Trumpeters, black capes, red sashes, trumpets, caps with red plumes, capes lined with red.
Millers, white suits and caps, sacks of flour.
Wheat bearers, sheaves of wheat.
Corn bearers, stalks of corn and baskets of ears of corn carried in arms, crowns painted to represent corn in the ear.
Vegetable Bearers, crowns of foliage, baskets of vegetables.
Nut bearers, boughs of trees, crowns of leaves, sacks of nuts.
Celery Bearers, green and white bearing bunches of celery.
Fruit Bearers, red and brown suits covered with paper leaves colored to represent autumn foliage.

Keep your eyes open to your mercies.
The man who forgets to be thankful has fallen asleep in life.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

To receive honestly is the best thanks for a good thing.
—George MacDonald.



SIGNING OF THE CONTRACT IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER.

Courtesy of Brown Picture Co., Beverly, Mass.

OUR FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY

Children do you know the story
Of the first Thanksgiving Day,
Founded by our Pilgrim fathers
In that time so far away?

They had given for religion
Wealth and comfort, yes, and more,
Left their homes, and friends, and kindred,
For a bleak and barren shore.

On New England's rugged headlands,
Now where peaceful Plymouth lies,
There they built their rough log cabins,
'Neath the cold, forbidding skies,

And too often, e'en the bravest
Felt his blood run cold with dread,
Lest the wild and savage red-man
Burn the roof above his head.

Want and sickness, death and sorrow,
Met their eyes on every hand,
And before the springtime reached them,
They had buried half their band.

But their noble, brave endurance
Was not exercised in vain;
Summer brought them brighter prospects,
Ripening seed and waving grain.

And the patient Pilgrim mothers,
As the harvest-time drew near,
Looked with happy, thankful faces
At the full corn in the ear.

So the Governor, William Bradford,
In the gladness of his heart,
To praise God for all his mercies,
Set a special day apart.

That was in the autumn, children,
Sixteen hundred twenty-one;
Scarce a year from when they landed,
And the colony begun.

And now when in late November,
Our Thanksgiving feast is spread,
'Tis the same time-honored custom
Of those Pilgrims, long since dead.

We shall never know the terrors
That they braved years, years ago,
But for all their struggles gave us,
We our gratitude can show.

And the children of New England,
If they feast, or praise, or pray,
Should bless God for those brave Pilgrims,
And their first Thanksgiving day.

—Youth's Companion.

THANKFULNESS

I thank Thee, Father, for this sky,
Wherein thy little sparrows fly;
For unseen hands that build and break
The cloud pavilions for my sake,—
This fleeting beauty, high and wild,
Toward which I wander as a child.

I thank Thee for the strengthening hills,
That give bright spirit to the rills;
For blue peaks soaring up apart,
To send down music on the heart;
For tree tops wavering soft and high,
Writing their peace against the sky;
For forest farings that have been;
For this fall rain that shuts me in,
Giving to my low little roof
The sense of home, secure, aloof.

And thanks for morning's stir and light,
And for the folding hush of night;
For those high deities that spread
The star-filled chasm overhead;
For elfin chemistries that yield
The green fires of the April field;
For all the foam and surge of bloom;
For leaves gone glorious to their doom,—
All the wild loveliness that can
Touch the immortal in a man.

Father of life, I thank Thee, too,
For old acquaintance, near and true,—
For friends who came into my day
And took the loneliness away;
For faith that held on to the last;
For all sweet memories of the past,—
Dear memories of my dead that send
Long thoughts of life, and of life's end,—
That make me know the light conceals
A deeper world than it reveals.

THE BOY IS COMIN' HOME

I tell you it is busy times jest now for me and marm;
The Boy is comin' home to spend Thanksgivin' on the farm.
'Tis ten long years since he went West to mingle in its strife;
He's done first rate, and, furthermore, he's got a Western wife.

We got the letter yesterday, and marm she laid awake
Full half the night, to praise the Lord and think what she must bake.
If I should feed the turkey now, as she declares I must,
Why, long before Thanksgivin' he would swell all up and bust.

I've had to grind the choppin'knife and go to choppin' mince,
And things are brewin' rich and fine and fit to feed a prince.
The Boy, he writ for chicken pie, "With double crust," says he,
"And mixed with cream, that lovely pie you used to make for me."

He wants a big red apple from the hillside Northern Spy;
And butternuts—I've got 'em round the stovepipe, brown and dry;
He wants to lay the fire himself with maple hard and sound,
And pop some corn upon the hearth when all are gathered round.
He wants the things he used to have when he was but a lad.
'Tis somewhat strange, it may be, but it makes us mighty glad.

We're both a little whiter, but our love, depend upon 't,
Is jest as green and stiddy as the hills of old Vermont.
It flustered marm a bit at first about the Western wife,
What she should do for one so fine and used to city life;
But tucked between the Boy's big sheet she found a little slip;
She read it with a happy tear, a gently quivering lip:

"Dear Mother," them's her very words, "I write this on the sly,
So don't tell John, but make for him a big, big pumpkin pie;
I know it will delight him, for he still is but a boy—
His mother's boy—and so he fills his wife's glad heart with joy."
And so, you see, 'tis busy times jest now for me and marm—
The Boy is comin' home to spend Thanksgivin' on the farm.

—John Mervin Hull, in Lippincott's.

THANKSGIVING DAY

It is not the yellow ripened corn,
  Nor wheat that's stored away;
It is not health, it is not wealth,
  That makes Thanksgiving Day.

'Tis something sweeter, dearer still,
  That ne'er can know decay;
'Tis country, home and friends in one
  That make Thanksgiving Day.

—Sarah E. Sprague.

THANKFULNESS

Let me be thankful. Yes,
Let me know thankfulness
For things that help and bless
Along the way;
Let me be brave and glad
For all the good I had
But yesterday.

Let me set down the sum
Of blessings that have come.
Let me hear echoes from
My laughter,
Till I care not to see
What fate may hap to me
Hereafter.

Aye, each day let me find
Contentment in my mind,
Some word or action kind
My life to bless.
And thus let me, I pray,
Make every day a day
Of thankfulness.

—W. D. Nesbit.

THANKSGIVING JOYS

Cart-loads of pumpkins as yellow as gold,
Onions in silvery strings,
Shining red apples and clusters of grapes,
Nuts and a host of good things,
Chickens and turkeys and fat little pigs,—
These are what Thanksgiving brings.

Work is forgotten and play-time begins;
From office and school-room and hall,
Fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts,
Nieces and nephews, and all
Speed away home, as they hear from afar
The voice of the Thanksgiving call.

Now is the time to forget all your cares,
Cast every trouble away;
Think of your blessings, remember your joys,
Don't be afraid to be gay!
None are too old and none are too young
To frolic on Thanksgiving Day.

—Youth's Companion.

PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH.
Courtesy of Educational Publishing Co.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DAY, A. D. 1621

"And now," said the Governor, gazing abroad on the piled-up store
Of the sheaves that dotted the clearings and covered the meadow's o'er,
"'Tis meet that we render praise because of the yield of grain;
'Tis meet that the Lord of the harvest be thanked for His sun and rain,
And therefore, I, William Bradford (by the grace of God today,
And the franchise of this good people), Governor of Plymouth, say,—
Through virtue of vested power,—Ye shall gather with one accord,
And hold in the month of November, Thanksgiving unto the Lord.

* * * * * * *

So shoulder your matchlocks, masters, there is hunting of all degrees;
And, fishermen, take your tackle and scour for spoil the seas;
And maidens and dames of Plymouth, your delicate crafts employ
To honor our First Thanksgiving, and make it a feast of joy."

Margaret J. Preston.

A THANKSGIVING

For flowers that bloom about our feet,
For tender grass so fresh, so sweet;
For song of bird and hum of bee,
For all things fair we hear or see;
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

For blue of stream and blue of sky,
For pleasant shade of branches high;
For fragrant air and cooling breeze,
For beauty of the blooming trees;
Father in heaven, we thank Thee.

—Emerson.

A CHILD'S THANKSGIVING

I thank Thee, Father in the skies,
For this dear home so warm and bright;
I thank Thee for the sunny day
And for the sleepy, starry night.
I thank Thee for my father's arms,
So big and strong to hold me near;
I thank Thee for my mother's face;
I thank Thee for my dolly dear.

I thank Thee for the little birds
That eat my crumbs upon the sill;
I thank Thee for the pretty snow
That's coming down so soft and still.
O Father, up there in the skies,
Hear me on this Thanksgiving Day,
And please read in my little heart
The "thank yous" I forgot to say.

—Selected.

THANKSGIVING

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold,
Once more the harvest song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.
Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves,
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favors every year made new!
O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.
Then let these altars, wreathed with flowers
And piled with fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain!

—Whittier.

Over the sea in a white-winged ship,
A weary journey to go,
Came fathers and mothers and children, too,
In the days of long ago.

Let us bless the wind that blew them here,
So surely the world must know
How stout were their arms and brave their hearts,
In the days of long ago.

THANKSGIVING

The year rolls round its circle,
The seasons come and go;
The harvest days are ended,
And chilly north winds blow;
Orchards have lent their treasures
And fields their yellow grain,
So open wide the doorway;
Thanksgiving comes again.

—I. N. Tarbox.

THE MAGIC VINE

A fairy seed I planted,
So dry and white and old;
There sprang a vine enchanted
With magic flowers of gold.

I watched it, I tended it,
And truly by and by
It bore a Jack-o'-lantern
And a great Thanksgiving pie.

—Tree Top and Meadow.

We do not think and therefore we do not thank. The two words grow out of the same root. Thinking is the fruit of thanking.

He who thanks but with the lips
Thanks but in part;
The full, the true Thanksgiving
Comes from the heart.

—J. A. Shedd.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

DECEMBER TWENTY-FIFTH

JANUARY FIRST

It is the Christmas time;
And up and down 'twixt heaven and earth,
In the glorious grief and solemn mirth,
The shining angels climb.

—D. M. Mulock.

Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas.

—W. R. Spencer.

At Christmas tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,
And none are left to grieve alone
For love is heaven and claims its own.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year.

Oh, holly branch and mistletoe,
And Christmas chimes where'er we go.
And stockings pinned up in a row!
These are thy gifts, December!

Keep the spirit bright or there can be no true Christmas.

THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

The Madonna of the Chair was painted by Raphael about four hundred years ago. The Italians have a story about this picture. According to the legend many years ago there lived an old hermit, named Benado, who was dearly loved by the peasants in the valley where he lived. He was a friend to all and they came to him when they were ill or in trouble.

Near Benado's hut was a large oak tree of which he was very fond. He protected it from the woodcutter and visited with the birds that made nests in its branches. The wind seemed to whisper through the branches and tell him tales of days of long ago.

Benado had another friend, Mary, the vinedresser's daughter, who lived near by and who often visited with the old hermit.

Once during a terrible storm Benado sought shelter and safety in

the old oak. Mary feared for her friend and sent her father to bring him to their home, where he spent the rest of his life. Benado prayed that some great blessing might come to Mary and the old oak.

A few years later Benado died. The old oak was cut down and made into casks. Mary was married and became the mother of two boys.

MADONNA OF THE CHAIR BY RAPHAEL.

Plate loaned by H. R. Pattengill, editor of Moderator-Topics.

One day as she was sitting with her baby in her arms and her older boy standing by her side, the artist, Raphael, appeared. The group represented to him the Madonna and the Christ Child. Picking up the cover of a new wine cask, he sketched the group upon it, took it home, and painted this picture, which is the most widely known of all Raphael's works. In this way the hermit's prayer has been answered.

The painting now hangs in the gallery of the Pitti Palace in Florence.

MOTHER GOOSE CHILDREN VISIT SANTA CLAUS

BY MATILDA BAKON, IRONWOOD, MICHIGAN

Scene I.

Santa Claus asleep in a big armchair. A little brownie asleep at his feet. Four brownies come in dancing around the chair with hands clasped singing, "Yum, yum, yum, yum."—They stop suddenly.

First Brownie—It's funny Santa doesn't wake up.

Second Brownie—Let's tickle him.

Third Brownie—I'll get a straw.

He runs off stage and returns with straw. Tickles Santa and the sleeping brownie. Both jump to their feet and Santa calls out—

Santa—Oh ho, you wicked little brownies! Playing a joke on old Santa, hey? What do you want?

Fourth Brownie—Well Santa, you see we've been all over the world looking for the good children and we went to Mother Goose's. All her little girls and boys were wishing to see and talk to Santa Claus, and we want you to let us bring them to you.

All Brownies—Yes, Santa, please let us.

Santa—All right, you little imps. Bring them one and all. Now be off!

(They play leap-frog or run off stage. Santa goes back to sit down, takes a big book.)

Santa—I must look over my records of good little people. Let me see. (Names children or places near by.) All good. I must bring them something nice.

(Walks slowly from stage with hands clasped behind his back.)

Scene II.

(Santa on stage reading a paper, glasses on nose. He hears a lively tune in the distance. Sits up and listens.) Enter first brownie with Little Bopeep in costume. He leads her to Santa. Brownie makes a deep bow and dances out humming, "Yum, yum."—

Santa—Ho, little Bopeep!

(She makes courtesy.)

Bopeep—Oh, Santa! I've lost all my sheep,
And all the good I can do is to weep.
Now, Christmas Eve when I'm asleep,
I want you to creep down the chimney steep
And bring me all my woolly sheep.
Will you?

Santa—Well, well, little one, we'll see.

(She makes a bow and stands behind chair.)

(Enter another brownie leading Simple Simon by the ear.)

Simple Simon—Oh, you hurt!

(Santa shakes finger at brownie, who dances out.)

Simple Simon—Oh! Santa Claus, I want a pie,
A great, good, juicy Christmas pie,
The pieman would not give me one
Because of pennies I had none.
Will you?

(Santa looks wise and strokes chin. Enter another brownie with Mistress Mary.)

Mistress Mary—I'm Mistress Mary quite contrary as the people say,
But if I had the thing I wished,
I'd be quite as happy as they.
It's very, very simple,
And so I'm going to tell
That what I want, dear Santa Claus,
Is a tiny silver bell.

(This tickles Santa and he laughs. Enter another brownie with Jack and Jill. When he gets there he makes a bow and joins their hands before Santa and goes out.)

Jack—I'm Jack.
Jill—I'm Jill.
Both—We carry water down the hill.
Once the water we did spill
Because our pail we tried to fill.
The pail was old and very rusty;
The road was long and very dusty,
And we did fall, dear Santa Claus,
And broke our little pail.
Will you for Christmas bring us
Another little pail?

(Santa scratches head and thinks. "Yum, yum," heard in the distance. Enter another brownie with Tom, the Piper's son.)

Brownie—Here is Tom, the Piper's son,
He stole a pig and away did run.
Tom—Yes, Santa, I'm Tom, the Piper's son,
But I only wanted to have some fun,
When I took the pig from the market place
I only wanted to have a race;
So please don't think I'm a bad, bad boy
And so not bring me a single toy.

(Enter brownie with Little Boy Blue blowing his horn.)

Santa—Hello, what's this?
Little Boy Blue—I'm Little Boy Blue who blows his horn,
To call the cattle out from the corn.
I can't stay long, but I want to tell you
That the story folks tell about me is not true,
How I went to sleep one bright summer day
And let the cattle and the white sheep stray.
I didn't Santa, and I want you to see
That my name's on your good book.
Will it be?

Santa—All right, Boy Blue run along.

(Enter brownie with Red Riding Hood.)

Red Riding Hood—Good afternoon, dear Santa Claus,
I've come a long, long way
To see and talk with you, my friend,
This blustering winter day,

To show you my red coat and hood
And my red mittens, too,
And tell you that I'm always good;
You'll visit me, won't you?

(Red Riding Hood joins children behind Santa's chair. Enter a brownie with two children.)

Children—We're two of the little children
We live in the wonderful shoe.
That shoe holds twenty little ones,
You'd never believe it was true;
But if you were crowded as we are,
You'd do as we're going to do,
And that is ask our dear Santa
For a larger and wider shoe.

(Enter Mother Goose peering over her glasses—All children say, "Sh!" and hide behind chair, etc.)

Mother Goose—My children! My children! where are they?
Oho! you naughty girls and boys,
How did you ever get here?

(Brownies all run up and gather around her.)

Brownies—We brought them, Mother Goose.
Mother Goose—Yes, I suppose. It's just like you mischievous brownies,
Been asking Santa for gifts, I suppose.
Jill—Yes, Mother, and he's going to give them to us, too,
Because he's such a good old man.
Let's sing a song for Santa Claus.

(Brownies form ring and dance around his chair. Others dance around them. All sing.)

Sing a song of Santa Claus,
Whose pack is full of toys,
Oh, what fun it is to bring
Good things to girls and boys;
When the pack is open wide
Just hear the children sing
The praise of good old Santa Claus,
The jolly Christmas King.

CHRISTMAS QUOTATIONS

The world is happy, the world is wide,
Kind hearts are beating on every side.

—Lowell.

The yearly course that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.

—Shakespeare.

Awake, glad heart! get up and sing!
It is the birthday of thy King.

—Vaughn.

Who gives to whom hath naught been given,
His gift in need, though small indeed,
As is the grass-blade's wind-blown seed,
Is large as earth and rich as heaven.

—Whittier.

Not what we give but what we share,—
The gift without the giver is bare;
He gives but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty.

—Lowell.

I am sure I have always thought of Christmas as a good time—a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; and therefore, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say, God bless it!—Charles Dickens.

Cheerful looks and words are very
Sure to make the Christmas merry.
Tongues that speak the truth sincere,
Hearts that hold each other dear,
These will make a happy year.

—R. W. Raymond.

What is the thought of Christmas?
Giving.
What is the heart of Christmas?
Love.
What is the hope of Christmas?
Living.
What is the joy of Christmas?
Love.

No silver or gold is needed for giving
If the heart is filled with Christmas love,
For the hope of the world is kindly living,
Learned from the joy of God above.

Life is a Christmas stocking. It is long and deep. Take your blessings from the top, one at a time, gratefully, but not too fast or eagerly; enjoy them and be generous with them and reach down again! When you have pulled out all the gifts you thought were there, search yet another time. For some of the dearest gifts of the love of God are hidden so deep that we find them only when we have come to believe that life is empty and sad, just when we most need to find the choicest and best of all the secrets of His never-failing goodness toward His children. And when you have reached the very bottom, hang up the stocking of your hope again; for God has other Christmas gifts for you in the world from which Christmas comes.—Rev. William E. Barton, in the Youth's Companion.

SANTA CLAUS

He comes in the night! He comes in the night!
He softly, silently comes;
While the little brown heads on the pillows so white are dreaming of
Bugles and drums.
He cuts through the snow like a ship through the foam,
While the white flakes around him whirl;
Who tells him I know not, but he findeth the home
Of each good little boy and girl.

His sleigh it is long, and deep, and wide;
It will carry a host of things,
While dozens of drums hang over the side,
With the sticks sticking under the strings.
And yet not the sound of a drum is heard,
Not a bugle blast is blown,
As he mounts to the chimney-top like a bird,
And drops to the hearth like a stone.

The little red stockings he silently fills,
Till the stockings will hold no more;
The bright little sleds for the great snow hills
Are quickly set down on the floor.
Then Santa Claus mounts to the roof like a bird,
And glides to his seat in the sleigh;
Not the sound of a bugle or drum is heard
As he noiselessly gallops away.

He rides to the East, he rides to the West,
Of his goodies he touches not one;
He eateth the crumbs of the Christmas feast
When the dear little folks are done.
Old Santa Claus doeth all that he can;
This beautiful mission is his;
Then, children, be good to the little old man,
When you find who the little man is.

—(Taken from "The Posy Ring," Compiled by Kate Douglas Wiggin.)

KEEPING CHRISTMAS

It is a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons when men agree to stop work and make merry together is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his little watch now and then, by the great clock of humanity. But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is keeping Christmas. Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and to remember what other people have done for you;

to ignore what the world owes you and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellowmen are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe and look around for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness?

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open? Are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world —stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas. And if you can keep it for a day, why not for always? But you can not keep it alone.—Henry van Dyke.

CHRISTMAS CAROL

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming to-night:
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ Child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ Child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ Child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the Holiest have trod.
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed,
That mankind are the children of God.

—Phillips Brooks.

A NEW YEAR SONG

When the year is new, my dear,
When the year is new,
Let us make a promise here,
Little I and you.
Not to fall a-quarrelling
Over every tiny thing,
But sing and smile, smile and sing,
All the glad year through.

As the year goes by, my dear,
As the year goes by,
Let us keep our sky swept clear,
Little you and I.
Sweep up every cloudy scowl,
Every little thunder growl,
And live and laugh,
Laugh and live,
'Neath a cloudless sky.

When the year is old, my dear,
When the year is old,
Let us never doubt or fear
Though the days grow cold.
Loving thoughts are always warm;
Merry hearts know ne'er a storm;
Come ice and snow, so love's dear glow
Turn all our gray to gold!

—Youth's Companion.

CHRISTMAS SONG

Why do the bells for Christmas ring?
Why do the little children sing?

Once a lovely shining star
Seen by shepherds from afar,
Gently moved until its light
Made a manger's cradle bright.

There a darling baby lay
Pillowed upon the hay,
And its mother sang and smiled,
This is Christ, the Holy Child.

Therefore bells for Christmas ring,
Therefore little children sing.

—Eugene Field.

HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING

Hang up the baby's stocking,
Be sure you don't forget,
The dear little dimpled darling
Has never seen Christmas yet.

But I told him all about it,
And he opened his big blue eyes;
I am sure he understood it,
He looked so funny and wise.

Ah, what a tiny stocking!
It doesn't take much to hold
Such little toes as baby's,
Safe from the frost and cold.

But, then, for the baby's Christmas
It never will do at all;
For Santa Claus wouldn't be looking
For anything half so small.

I know what will do for baby;
I've thought of a first-rate plan;
I'll borrow a stocking from grandma,
The longest that ever I can.

And you shall hang it up, mother,
Right here in the corner—so;
And write a letter for baby,
And fasten in on the toe.

"Old Santa Claus, this is the stocking
Hung up for our baby dear.
You never have seen the darling;
He has not been with us a year.

"But he is a beautiful baby!
And now, before you go,
Please cram this stocking with playthings
From the top of it down to the toe."

—The Little Corporal.

THE NEW YEAR

On the road of life one milestone more!
In the book of life one leaf turned o'er!
Like a red seal in the setting sun
On the good and evil men have done,—
Naught can today restore!

—Longfellow.

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

If you should see
A big green tree,
With candles all alight,
With pop-corn strings
And pretty things,
And tinsel shining bright,
With stars that swing,
And bells that ring,
All green and red and blue;
And lots of toys
For girls and boys,
And lots of candies, too;
And you should hear
Somebody near,
Call out in cheery way;
"What sort of tree
Can this one be?"
I wonder what you'd say?
—Edith Sanford Tillotson in The St. Nicholas.

THE FIR TREE

The fir tree grew in the forest old,
And sang its happy song;
It gave sweet shelter to the birds
And rocked them all day long.
It drank the rain and sparkling dew,
And slept beneath the snow,
And when the wind blew wild and free,
And when the wind blew wild and free
It bent its branches low.
"O tree! tell us your happy song
That we may sing it all day long."
Then softly did the answer fall,
"Love, love is the best of all!"

The fir tree came from the forest old
To be our Christmas friend,
For it, in sweet and tender song,
Our happy voices blend.
It glows with light and bends with gifts
And sparkles like the snow;
It breathes to us the same sweet song,
It breathes to us the same sweet song
It sang long years ago.
"O tree! we thank you for your song,
And we will sing it all day long;—
The song that did so softly fall,
'Love, love is the best of all!'"
—Charlotte Lay Dewey—Kindergarten Review.

OLD SANTA CLAUS

Old Santa Claus sat alone in his den,
With his leg crossed o'er his knee,
While a comical look peeped out of his eyes,
For a funny old fellow is he.

His queer little cap was tumbled and torn,
And his wig it was all awry;
But he sat and mused the whole day long,
While the hours went flying by.

He had been as busy as busy can be,
Filling his pack with toys.
He had gathered his nuts and baked his pies,
To give to the girls and boys.

There were dolls for the girls and whips for the boys,
With wheelbarrows, horses, and drays,
And bureaus and trunks for Dolly's new clothes;
All these in his pack he displays.

Of candy, too, both twisted and striped,
He had furnished a plentiful store,
While raisins and figs and prunes and grapes
Hung up on a peg by the door.

"I am almost ready," quoth he, quoth he,
"And Christmas is almost here,
But one thing more—I must write a book
And give to each one this year."

So he clapped his specs on his little round nose,
And, seizing the stump of a pen
He wrote more lines in one little hour
Than you could write in ten.

He told them stories, all pretty and new,
And wrote them all out in rhyme;
Then packed them away in his box of toys
To distribute, one at a time.

And, Christmas Eve, when all were in bed,
Right down the chimney he flew,
And, stretching the stocking leg out at the top,
He squeezed in a book for you.

THE NEW YEAR

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out the false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, he kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Alfred Tennyson.

The whole world is a Christmas tree,
And stars its many candles be.
Oh, sing a carol joyfully,
The year's great feast is keeping!

A FEEL IN THE CHRIS'MAS-AIR

They's a kind o' *feel* in the air, to me,
When the Chris'mas-times set in,
That's about as much of a mystery
As ever I've run ag'in!—
Fer instunce, now, whilse I gain in weight
And general health, I swear
They's a *goneness* somers I can't quite state—
A kind o' *feel* in the air.

They's a feel in the Chris'mas-air goes right
To the spot where a man lives at!—
It gives a feller a' appetite—
They ain't no doubt about *that!*—
And yit they's *somepin'*—I don't know what—
That follers me, here and there,
And ha'nts and worries and spares me not—
A kind o' feel in the air!

They's a *feel,* as I say, in the air that's jest
As blame-don sad as sweet!—
In the same ra-sho as I feel the best
And am spryest on my feet,
They's allus a kind o' sort of a' *ache*
That I can't lo-cate no-where;—
But it comes with *Chris'mas,* and mistake!—
A kind o' feel in the air.

Is it the racket the children raise?—
W'y, *no!*—God bless 'em!—no!—
Is it the eyes and the cheeks ablaze—
Like my *own* wuz, long ago?—
Is it the bleat o' the whistle and beat
O' the little toy-drum and blare
O' the horn?—No! no!—it is jest the sweet—
The sad-sweet feel in the air.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Let the holly red be hung
And all the sweetest carols sung;
While we with joy remember them,
The journeyers to Bethlehem,
Who followed, trusting, from afar
The guidance of that happy star
Which marked the spot where Christ was born
Long years ago one Christmas morn.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

NEW YEAR SONG

Who comes dancing over the snow,
His little soft feet all bare and rosy?—
Open the door, though the wild winds blow;
Take the child in and make him cozy.
Take him in, and hold him dear;
He is the wonderful New Year.

Open your heart, be it sad or gay,
Welcome him there and use him kindly;
For you must carry him, yea or nay,
Carry him with shut eyes so blindly.
But whether he bringeth joy or fear,
Take him! God sends him—this good New Year.

—Mrs. Mulock Craik.

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS

If you don't b'lieve in Santa Claus, and that your way he'll call,
Don't mind the Christmas stockin'—don't hang it up at all!
But when Christmas winds are whistlin', and the home-lights burnin' dim,
He rides away from little folks that don't believe in him!

When you hear his sleigh-bells jingle on the house-tops snowy white,
Say: "The wind is playin' music for the witches o' the night."
When he's slidin' down the chimneys of the still and dreamy town—
" 'Tis the wind that wants to warm himself—the wind is comin' down!"

If you don't b'lieve in Santa Claus, like other folks b'lieve,
Just wait till Fourth o' July, and forget it's Christmas Eve!
Say: "The children—they just dreamed him, and they think he's true-and-true,"
And don't hang up your stocking—for he won't believe in you!

When the floor is piled with playthings, and the Christmas trumpets blow,
Say no fairy-folk have been there, and that Santa Claus ain't so!
When your stockin's lookin' lonesome, then you'll know the reason why;
You'll wish you'd made-believe in him 'fore Santa Claus went by!

Your great and great grand-people—they knew him far away.
(There's toys that he gave them in the attic there today!)
The chair grandfather dreams in—he gave him that, you know,
For bein' once a little boy, and believin' in him so!

But—don't you hang your stocking up, if you don't think that way,
And know lots more 'bout Santa Claus than folks that's old and gray;
But—when Christmas winds are whistlin', and the mornin' stars burn dim,
He rides away from little folks that don't believe in him!

—The Home Magazine.

DICKEN'S "CHRISTMAS CAROL"

Arranged by Lavinia Spindler, Western State Normal. May be given in pantomime or with conversation as in Dicken's "Christmas Carol."

Dramatic Personae

Scrooge
Marley
Fred—Scrooge's nephew
Ghost of Christmas Past
Ghost of Christmas Present
Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig
Dick Wilkins
Ebenezer
Three Misses Fezziwig
Three followers
Fiddler
Cook
Housemaid
Bob Cratchit
Mrs. Cratchit
Martha
Belinda
Peter
Two Smaller Children
Tiny Tim
Onlookers at the dance

SCENE I.

Counting house—Conversation between Scrooge and Nephew.

SCENE II.

Scrooge's room—Conversation between Scrooge and Marley.

SCENE III.

Scrooge's room—Ghost of Christmas Past enters—Conversation between Scrooge and Ghost—Ghost conducts Scrooge to Fezziwig's Warehouse—Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig are just making preparations for the dance—Sir Roger De Coverly—Ghost and Scrooge silently watch from one corner of the room—The dancers leave—Scrooge and Ghost follow—Scrooge begins to feel a trifle dejected—wishes he could speak to his clerk at that moment.

SCENE IV.

Scrooge's room—Ghost of Christmas Past seated on a throne—Scrooge enters—Conversation ensues—Ghost leads Scrooge to the Cratchit home—Family seated around the fireplace—Children discuss

the possible Christmas gifts and good dinner—Tiny Tim sings his little song—After Bob Cratchit proposes a toast to Scrooge, family leave—Scrooge and Ghost are silent observers of this home scene—Scrooge asks Ghost if Tiny Tim will live—Ghost replies.

SCENE V.

Scrooge's room—Enters Scrooge alone, a changed man—Realizing it was all a dream, he cannot contain himself for very happiness—Resolves to live a wiser and better man, and with best wishes and blessings for all assembled makes his exit.

A BELL

Had I the power
To cast a bell that should from some
grand tower,
At the first Christmas hour,
Outring,
And fling
The jubilant message wide,
The forged metals should be thus allied;—
No iron Pride,
But soft Humility, and rich-veined Hope
Cleft from a sunny slope;
And there should be
White Charity
And silvery Love, that knows not
Doubt nor Fear,
To make the peal more clear;
And then, to firmly mix the fine alloy,
There should be Joy!

—Clinton Scollard.

We love at Christmas time, to share
Our joy with every man,
So if we can't give all we wish,
We'll give you all we can.

A Merry Christmas!
Joy and plenty
In the cottage,
Peace and feasting
In the hall;
And the voices
Of the children
Ring out clear
Above it all:
A Merry Christmas!

SANTA CLAUS

I used to watch for Santa Claus
With childish faith sublime,
And listen in the snowy night
To hear his sleigh bells chime.
Beside the door on Christmas eve
I put a truss of hay,
To feed the prancing, dancing steeds
That sped him on his way.

I pictured him a jolly man,
With beard of frosty white,
And cheeks so fat that when he laughed
They hid his eyes from sight;
A heart that overflowed with love
For little girls and boys,
And on his back a bulging pack,
Brimful of gorgeous toys.

If children of a larger growth
Could have a Christmas tree
From Father Time, one gift alone
Would be enough for me—
Let others take the gems and gold,
And trifles light and vain,
But give me back my old belief
And Santa Claus again!

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

God rest ye, merry gentlemen! let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour was born on Christmas Day.

The dawn rose red o'er Bethlehem, the stars shone through the gray,
When Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, little children; let nothing you affright,
For Jesus Christ, your Saviour, was born this happy night;

Along the hills of Galilee the white flocks sleeping lay,
When Christ, the Child of Nazareth, was born on Christmas Day.

God rest ye, all good Christians; upon this blessed morn
The Lord of all good Christians was of a woman born.
Now all your sorrows He doth heal, your sins He takes away;
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.

Merry, merry Christmas everywhere,
Cheerily it ringeth through the air!

Ring! Ring! Ring!
A welcome to the bright New Year!
Life, Hope, Joy,
On his radiant brow appear!
Hearts with love are thrilling,
Homes with bounty filling.
Ho! ye wardens of the bells,
Ring! Ring! Ring!
Ring for Winter's bracing hours
Ring for birth of Spring and Flowers,
Ring for Summer's fruitful treasure,
Ring for Autumn's boundless measure,
Ring for hands of generous giving,
Ring for vows of nobler living,
Ring for truths of tongue or pen,
Ring, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men."
Ring! Ring! Ring!
Ring, that this glad year may see
Earth's accomplished jubilee!
Ring! Ring! Ring!

MR. SANTA CLAUS MAN

Mr. Santa Claus Man, won't you please tell me why
You come with your reindeer out of the sky?
Do you get from the stars those bright, shiny toys
That you bring us down here if we're good little boys?

Mr. Santa Claus Man, won't you please tell me why
You don't fall straight down when you come from the sky?
Do the clouds hold you up, or does old Mr. Sun
Watch over your sleigh till your journey is done?

Mr. Santa Claus Man, aren't you ever afraid
Your sleigh won't hold all the toys you have made?
And aren't you afraid you'll let some of them fall,
Perhaps my new sled or my sister's new doll?

Mr. Santa Claus Man, do the birds ever fly
As far up as you live up in the sky?
And are you great friends with the man in the moon,
Does he ride in your sleigh, or isn't there room?

Oh, please, Mr. Santa Claus Man, let me know
About all these things that have puzzled me so.
Can't you manage it somehow my mind to relieve,
When you come down our chimney on next Christmas eve?

—F. Schumacher.

TO THE NEW YEAR

One song for thee, New Year,
One universal prayer;
Teach us—all other teachings far above—
To hide dark Hate beneath the wings of Love:
To slay all hatred, strife,
And live the larger life!
To bind the wounds that bleed;
To lift the fallen, lead the blind
As only Love can lead—
To live for all mankind!

Teach us, New Year, to be
Free men among the free;
Our only master Duty, with no God
Save one—our Maker—monarchs of the sod!
Teach us with all its might,
Its darkness and its light,
Its heart-beat tremulous,
Its grief, its gloom,
Its beauty and its bloom—
God made the world for us!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE NEW YEAR

The New Year comes in the midnight hour
When the beautiful world is still,
And the moonlight falls in a silver stream
Over meadow and wood and hill.

We can not hear the tread of his feet,
For so silently comes he;
But the ringing bells the good news tell
As they sound over land and sea.

Where'er he steps new joys upspring,
And hopes, that were lost or dim,
Grow sweet and strong in the golden hours,
That he everywhere bears with him.

He brings us snow from the fleecy clouds;
He sends us the springtime showers;
He gladdens our world with the light of love
And fills its lap with flowers.

Some day, as softly as he came,
He will pass through the open door,
And we who sing at his coming now
Will never see him more.

—Marie Zetterberg.

WHO SANTY-CLAUS WUZ

Jes' a little bit o' feller—I remember still—
Ust to almost cry fer Christmas, like a youngster will.
Fourth o' July's nothin' to it!—New Year's ain't a smell!
Easter-Sunday—Circus-day—jes' all dead in the shell!
Lawzy, though! at night, you know, to set around an' hear
The old folks work the story off about the sledge an deer,
An' "Santy" skootin' round the roof, all wrapt in fur an' fuzz—
Long afore
I knowed who
"Santy-Claus" wuz!

Ust to wait, an' set up late, a week er two ahead;
Couldn't hardly keep awake, ner wouldn't go to bed;
Kittle stewin' on the fire, an' Mother settin' here
Darnin' socks, an' rockin' in the skreeky rockin'-cheer;
Pap gap', an' wonder where it wuz the money went,
An quar'l with his frosted heels, an' spill his liment;
An' me a-dreamin' sleigh-bells when the clock 'ud whir an' buzz,
Long afore
I knowed who
"Santy-Claus" wuz!

Size the fire-place up an' figger how "Ole Santy" could
Manage to come down the chimbly, like they said he would;
Wisht 'at I could hide an see him—wunderd what he'd say
Ef he ketched a feller layin' fer him thataway!
But I *bet* on him, an *liked* him, same as ef he had
Turned to pat me on the back an' say, "Look here, my lad,
Here's my pack,—jes' he'p yourse'f, like all good boys does!"
Long afore
I knowed who
"Santy-Claus" wuz!

Wisht that yarn was true about him, as it 'peared to be—
Truth made out o' lies like that-un's good enough fer me!—
Wisht I still wuz so confidin' I could jes' go wild
Over hangin' up my stockin's, like the little child
Climbin' in my lap to-night, an beggin' me to tell
'Bout them reindeers, and "Old Santy" that she loves so well—
I'm half sorry fer this little-girl-sweetheart of his—
Long afore
She knows who
"Santa-Claus" is!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

CHRISTMAS BELLS

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
The old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Till, ringing, singing on its way
The world revolved from night to day.
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstone of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep;
"God is not dead, nor doth he sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good will to men!"

—Written December 25, 1864 by Henry W. Longfellow.

GOD BLESS US EVERY ONE

"God bless us every one!" prayed Tiny Tim,
Crippled, and dwarfed of body, yet so tall
Of soul, we tiptoe earth to look on him,
High towering over all.

He loved the loveless world, nor dreamed indeed
That it, at best, could give to him, the while,
But pitying glances, when his only need
Was but a cheery smile.

And thus he prayed, "God bless us every one!"—
Enfolding all the creeds within the span
Of his child-heart; and so, despising none,
Was nearer saint than man.

I like to fancy God, in Paradise,
Lifting a finger o'er the rhythmic swing
Of chiming harp and song, with eager eyes
Turned earthward, listening—

The Anthem stilled—the Angels leaning there
Above the golden walls—the morning sun
Of Christmas bursting flower-like with the prayer,
"God bless us every one!"

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A REAL SANTA CLAUS

Santa Claus, I hang for you by the mantel, stockings two;
One for me and one to go to another boy I know.
There's a chimney in this town you have never traveled down.
Should you chance to enter there you would find a room all bare.
Not a stocking could you spy, matters not how you might try;
And shoes you'd find are such as no boy would care for much.
In a broken bed you'd see someone just about like me,
Dreaming of the pretty toys which you bring to other boys,
And to him, a Christmas seems MERRY only in his dreams.
All he dreams, then, Santa Claus, stuff the stockings with because
When it's filled up to the brim, I'll be Santa Claus to him?

—F. D. Sherman.

Wherever hearts are happy,
'Tis a simple thing to do,
To seek some other sadder heart,
And make it happy, too.
The joy we share with others
Is a joy that's multiplied,
And 'twill make a perfect Christmas
If there's no one left outside.

"WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT"

Like small curled feathers, white and soft,
The little clouds went by,
Across the moon, and past the stars,
And down the western sky:
In upland pastures, where the grass
With frosted dew was white,
Like snowy clouds, the young sheep lay,
That first, best Christmas night.

The shepherd slept; and glimmering faint,
With twist of thin, blue smoke,
Only their fire's crackling flames
With tender silence broke—
Save where a lamb raised his head,
Or, when the night wind blew,
A nestling bird would softly stir,
Where dusky olives grew.

With fingers on her solemn lip,
Night hushed the shadowy earth,
And only stars and angels saw
The little Saviour's birth;
Then came such flash of silver light
Across the bending skies,
That wondering shepherds woke, and hid
Their frightened, dazzled eyes!

And all their gentle sleepy flock
Looked up, then slept again,
Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars
Brought endless Peace to men—
Not even heard the gracious words
That down the ages ring—
"The Christ is born! the Lord has come,
Good will on earth to bring!"

—Margaret Deland.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH

Here's a New Years wish for all,
May we keep GROWING, you and I,
Learning sweet truths in sweetest way,
Living in sunshine every day,
Having fresh love for God, for good;
With child-like hearts which ripen still
To moderate wish and tempered will;
To conquest over self and mood.

—Susan Coolidge.

A SONG IN THE AIR

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a Baby's low cry;
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king!

There's a tumult of joy,
O'er the Wonderful Birth,
For the Virgin's sweet Boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay, the star rains its fire and the beautiful sing
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

In the Light of that Star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every heart is aflame and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the Nations that Jesus is King.

—J. G. Holland.

AFTER CHRISTMAS

The tree that had served in the parlor,
The pride of the girls and the boys,
Festooned all over with pop-corn,
And hung with candies and toys,
With its gifts taken off from its branches,
Was being removed the next day,
While every child in the household
Was watching its journey away.

Then Lillian said to the others,
As they met by the door of the hall,
"Let us carry it down to the garden,
And stand it up there by the wall;
And then we can play when we want to
That Christmas is coming again."
"Oh, yes, let us do so!" said Lucy;
"All right!" echoed Charley and Ben.

With chorus of shouting and laughter,
The tree to the garden they drew;
And, placing it straight in a corner,
They festoon the pop-corn anew.
A telephone must have been near them
That understood what they planned,
For the news of what they were doing
Spread quickly abroad in the land.

As soon from the west came a sparrow,
And another soon came from the east,
While flocks from the northward and southward
Arrived to claim shares of the feast;
And chickadees came from the thickets
In sprightliest holiday mood,
With pigeons from neighboring farm-yards,
And how they all chattered and cooed!

"Oh, now for some fun!" said the children,
Delighted their coming to see.
"We'll fix up a lot of nice presents
And hang them round on the tree!"
Then packing their bundles of tidbits,
With merriest clamor of words,
They played Christmas over and over,
In ways that just suited the birds.

—Illustrated Home Journal.

THE NEW YEAR

A year to be glad in,
Not to be sad in;
A year to live in,
To gain and give in;
A year for trying
And not for sighing.

A year for striving
And hearty thriving;
A bright New Year,
Oh, hold it dear;
For God who sendeth,
He only lendeth.

The wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

—Sir Walter Scott.

THE NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE

I bring you, friends, what the years have brought
Since ever men toiled, aspired or thought:
Days for labor, and nights for rest;
And I bring you, Love, a heaven-born guest,
Space to work in, and work to do,
And faith in that which is pure and true.
Hold me in honor, and greet me dear,
And sooth you'll find me a Happy Year.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

MICHIGAN AND PIONEER DAY

JANUARY TWENTY-SIXTH

MICHIGAN'S SEMI-CENTENNIAL SONG

To thee I sing, my own dear home,
In the land of the setting sun,
To thy hills and valleys, rivers and lakes,
Thy beauties every one.
Thou art dear to the hearts of thy loyal sons,
And thy daughters fond and true,
Who greet thee today with pride and joy,
And the glorious past review.

Each hallowed spot of thy lake bound shores,
Each teeming city of thine,
Each village, hamlet, hillside, dale,
Thy forests of oak and pine,
Thy northern shores that are fondly kissed,
By Superior's sparkling wave,
Where thou yield'st rich ores from thy loving heart
Are dear to thy children brave.

On the lakes and rivers winding through
Thy forests deep and dark,
Where swiftly glided in days gone by,
The savage warrior's bark,
Are smiling meadows, fertile fields,
Tilled by thy children free,
Who offer this day with thankful hearts
Their loyal homage to thee.

Then blessings on thee, Michigan,
We wave thy banners gay,
And wish thee many glad returns,
Of this thy natal day;
We'll govern thee in coming years,
By laws both true and just,
And progress shall our watchword be
In God our hope and trust.

Then give three cheers for the boundless shores,
That the broad lake breezes fan,
Thou art dear to the hearts of thy loyal sons,
Beautiful Michigan.

MICHIGAN

Michigan! Michigan!—how I do wish again
I could partake out of infancy's dish again!
Once more a child-chief in pioneer laborhood—
Only boy "kid" in the whole blooming neighborhood!
Pampered and kissed by the big girls that called on me,
Fed maple-sugar in blocks, till it palled on me;
Hailed as a newly established divinity
By all the big girls inside the vicinity.
Still, of my future that was not determinant,
Being unable to make the game permanent—
For they deserted, with female agility,
When I displayed too much ans'ring ability.
I had left Heaven, as the Fates had commanded me,
Wondering where in what world they had landed me;
Wailing because from the gold streets they'd parted me,
Wishing they never for this one had started me.
Riding all night my dad over home's track again,
Till he looked heavenward, and wished I were back again;
Singing loud songs where bad angels complained in them—
Chanting long poems, with "Goo goo" contained in them.
What did I think of the forest low sighing there?—
Blessed if I know: I came very near dying there.
What were my views of faith, love, hope, and charity,
When I had colic with strict regularity?

How could they think they could cuddle in laughter me,
When the croup always was dangling 'round after me?
Whooping-cough, measles, and mumps all look back at me;
Every known juvenile ill took a whack at me;
Nothing but I could get into a jumble from;
No elevation but what I could tumble from.
When I consider how much there was wrong with me,
Hanged if I know how the world got along with me.
Even the Indians, when watching each move of me,
Looked at me slant-wise and did not approve of me.
Thus Chief Bawbeese in terse phrase got the best of us:
"Humph!—white pappoose is as red as the rest of us!"
What was the wind, when a loud wail it rose to be?
I was a caliope myself, when I chose to be.
What of the stars that were topping and flanking me?
I saw enough stars when loved ones were spanking me!
Michigan babyhood!—June and December you
Mixed well, so far as I can remember you!

Michigan! Michigan! how I do wish again
I in your lakelets could run off, and fish again!
How in clear air would my worm-wabbled snare
Hitched to a string, through the atmosphere swish again!
How would I then, with unfair honorarium
Lure the black bass from his leafy aquarium!

How would I love my boy-nerves to excite with him!
How from the skiff's edge to play and to fight with him!
Slow there—your projects in caution unravelling;
Give him the line, now, and let him go traveling;
Bring him up slow—too much haste were injurious;
Now haul him in! O my Lord 'twas luxurious!
How well adapted this fishing to work us is:
Cruel as graves—but more fun than ten circuses!
All the wide lake do we paddle and stop about,
While in our boat the smooth animals flop about,
Paying for when the great fish took as ballast in
Jonah, on one of the big lakes of Palestine.

Ah!—let's go spearing!—the night-air is gathering
Round our young heads; and some white clouds are feathering
Up toward the sky where dead fisherman-sages are;
And the bright stars mapped for ages and ages are.
Where Isaac Walton, grown bigger and fleetier,
Angles perhaps now for comet and meteor,
And Daniel Webster 'mid sundry potations there,
Maybe is fishing and writing orations there.
Light up the flambeau! our prey we will win with it!
Talk of electric lights!—they don't begin with it.
Now for good eating to-morrow we'll plan a day:
"Row, brothers, row" as Moore said up in Canada.
Far off the whip-poor-will uses her knack to sing;
Nearer the bullfrog his trombone is practicing:
Hark!—cut the story! though full of sweet mirth it was:
Silence is golden if ever on earth it was!
Slowly we glide, our vocation pursuing there,
Till some fish bobs up to see what is doing there;
Then you who've been there will quick believe that o' me—
Crash! goes the spear through his lovely anatomy!
Of any life I dislike to be killer, though:
Yes, it was cruel: but wasn't it a thriller, though!

School's called!—the little red house is us sheltering,
Whether the weather be freezing or sweltering;
Ah!—the dear teacher has ways of a dove with her:
Wish we were older: we'd then fall in love with her.
Nothing forgetful or slow or inert with her;
Wish we were bigger: we'd get up and flirt with her.
Presto! the teacher has ways void of charity:
Does not approve of scholastic hilarity;
Thinks that to ferule our bread-hooks is rulable:
Wish we were younger, so hairs were not pullable.
Fall in love promptly with girls in our classes there—
Make ourselves juvenile Wolverine asses there;
(Wonder what heart-mumps and measles we took at them—
Later in life—when we get a good look at them;)
Give them sweet notes as a message inaugural,
Follow it up with some measures of doggerel.

Teach our young ideas to shoot most ambitiously—
Then mostly shoot paper-wads surreptitiously;
Delve through old grammars and sloughs mathematical,
Read in a way that's unsurely emphatical;
All the old authors who good thoughts are tendering,
Waltz in their graves at our juvenile rendering.
Shakespeare—"hands off!" in the hard marble tones said he:
"Cursed be he that shall bother my bones!" said he.
Cursed we were then: for far from improving them,
I am convinced we succeeded in moving them.
Then when too weary our erudite skimming was;
Scurried we oft where the best hole for swimming was;
Leaving our wardrobe where'er chance alloted it,
Till some young rival stole up there and knotted it.
So we were sullenly sure, upon spying it,
Satan would swear by himself if untying it!

Ho to the high-schools and ho to the colleges!
Conning all sorts of ics, aphies, and ologies;
Learning each thing if with ease recollecting it,
And if not, taking it out in suspecting it;
Learning all evils: so, justly discerning them,
We could some time keep the children from learning them;
Hazing each other by means reprehensible;
Dining on viands more savory than sensible;
With all tobaccos content to assume a gait,
Till there was left in us nothing to fumigate;
Airing restraint for a good place to doff it in;
Stealing all things there was not a cent's profit in;
Keeping "Amor" and its adjuncts alert with us;
Flirting with every fool-girl that would flirt with us;
Searching each haunt that had innocent sin in it;
Making the town wish we never had been in it;
Shocking professors in endless variety—
They who when students were lumps of propriety;
Keeping scholastic traditions perennial—
Making ourselves learned idiots in general.
O gracious Heaven! men too steady be pitied there!
If by some trick I am ever admitted there,
I shall say, if I have breath to impart it with,
"Give me, Heaven, four college years here to start it with!"

Michigan! Michigan! how I do wish again
I had my old editorial "posish" again!
Keeping close tab on a rural community,
Cracking old jokes with astounding impunity;
Blowing long puffs with rhetorical reaches in,
When they brought apples, pears, pumpkins and peaches in;
Gravely announcing the deaths and the marriages,
Also the new needs for juvenile carriages;
Framing stray ads, with much detail and pondering,
When a sheep, horse, hog, or heifer went wandering;

Dunning the debtors, and soothing the creditors;
Dodging the chap that came gunning for editors;
Full of sweet joys and adversities fiery—
Penning and printing a village's diary!

Michigan! Michigan! dear unique Michigan,
Once more in memory's waves now we fish again!
Once more we feel thy moist atmosphere blessing us—
Once more thy glorious lake zephyrs caressing us;
Oft those stiff breezes that toss-ball were playing there,
Gave us a lot of ambition while staying there,
And the night-winds through the pine branches clambering.
Sung us sweet songs that we still are remembering.
Now we are exiles: the hand of fate fingering,
We in the wilds of Manhattan are lingering;
Though we would seem, from this food—and—the rest of it—
Trying our best to be making the best of it.
Still our look back to our mother is dutiful;
Still if thou seekest peninsula beautiful,
Journey and visit and hunt and go boating there!
Drink from the bottles of magnetism floating there;
Then when content, and you've put back the cork again,
Take an available train to New York again.
Dear old New York! with your quips and your vanities,
With your assurances, sins, and insanities!

Fill up the beaker, the pipe, and the dish again:
Give us a cheer and a shout for old Michigan!

—Will Carleton.

This poem was read by the author at a dinner of the Michigan Society in New York. Through his courtesy it is printed in this collection.

THE FOUNDERS OF MICHIGAN

We should cherish with the highest respect the memory of the founders of this State. Among them were many of the most intelligent and enterprising men and women of Ohio, New York, New England, and Virginia. The men who drafted the first Constitution of the State were men of large views and broad statesmanship. The friends of the educational system of Michigan should be especially grateful to the authors of the Constitutional Article on education. Isaac E. Crary of Marshall, a graduate of Trinity College, Connecticut, drafted that article, after much consultation with Rev. John D. Pierce, a graduate of Brown University, who was afterwards the first Superintendent of Public Instruction in this State. Thanks to the wisdom of the fathers and to the generous love of education cherished by their successors, the school children of our day can see the path open to them through the district school and higher schools, to the Normal school, the Agricultural College, the Mining School, and the University, at moderate expense. No State is better provided than Michigan with facilities for every child to obtain an education which will fit him for any position in life.

James B. Angell.

LOVE OF COUNTRY

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there be, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—Sir Walter Scott.

SCENE IN NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

Courtesy of Northern State Normal.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved of heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where shall that land, that spot on earth, be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around!
O thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land, thy country—that spot, thy home.

GIVE US MEN!

Give us men!
Men—from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of loyal breeding,
The Nation's welfare speeding:
Men of faith and not of fiction,
Men of lofty aim and action:
Give us Men—I say again,
Give us Men!

Give us Men!
Men who, when the tempest gathers,
Grasp the Standard of their fathers
In the thickest of the fight:
Men who strike for home and altar,
(Let the coward cringe and falter,)
God defend the right!
True as truth though lorn and lonely,
Tender, as the brave are only;
Men who tread where saints have trod
Men for Country—Home—and God:
Give us Men! I say again—again—
Give us Men!

—Bishop Exeter.

MICHIGAN HISTORY

COMPILED BY MRS. MARIA B. FERRY OF THE MICHIGAN HISTORICAL AND PIONEER SOCIETY

1610—Territory discovered, partially explored, decade before Plymouth Rock was known.
1615—Champlain visited Michigan five years before arrival of Mayflower.
1624—Named as New France.
1659—Copper first spoken of in "Jesuit Relations."
1663—New France population 2,500.
1670—New France population 6,000.
1679—First boat on Lake Superior, La Griffin or La Griffon; launched by La Salle; wrecked the same year.
1781—Mining begun at Ontonagon by Alex Henry.
1784—Jefferson's division of Territory.
Michigania from Indian name, Michsawgyegan—Lake Country.
1787—Northwest Territory organized.
1796—British garrison withdrawn.
1805—Michigan made Territory; General Hull, first governor; name Mitchie or Mutchie means great or much, gan means lake or water.

1819—Launching "Walk in the Water," first steamer on Lake Erie; wrecked at Buffalo, 1821.
Mackinac had 450 houses, 2,000 Indians. Sault Ste. Marie, 15 or 20 houses.
1835—Statehood bill passed; population, 60,000; 26th State.
1836—First railroad, Erie & Kalamazoo, from Port Lawrence, now Toledo, to Adrian; cars drawn by horses; left Detroit at sunrise, reached Adrian soon after sunset; conductors called Captains; strap rails. The Adrian, soon after used, was the third engine used west of the Alleghanies.
1837—University of Michigan founded at Ann Arbor.
1839—Militia organized.
1845—Copper mined in Michigan. One specimen, six tons.
1848—First telegraph.
1855—First steamboat through the Soo canal.
1861-64—One-eighth of population in Civil War.
1885—Mining School established at Houghton.

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS

The Indians of Michigan.
Mound Builders.
Original Boundaries.
French Missions.
Pere Marquette.
La Salle.
Early Forts.
Pontiac.
Mackinac, Tales and Traditions.
Cadillac.
The Ordinance of 1787.
History of the Upper Peninsula.
The Toledo War.
Wild Cat Banking.
Early Railroads.
First Capital.
Location of Lansing.
History of Schools.
Copper Mining.
The Pictured Rocks.
Forests and Reforestration.
Michigan Resources.
Stories of Pioneer Life.
Origin of Name of County.
Date of Organization.
First Settlement and Settlers in County.
Early Industries in Locality.
Present Industries.

Information on these topics may be found in the articles of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections.

VIEW OF PRESQUE ISLE.

Courtesy of Northern State Normal.

NOTABLE FACTS

M. A. C., oldest Agricultural College in the United States, founded in 1857.
First Home for Orphans, Coldwater.
School system antidates Massachusetts.
First in lumber in 1870.
Second in sugar beet culture.
First in salt.
Tenth in manufactures.
First in automobiles.
Population, 1810, 4,761; 1910, 2,530,016.
The only bloodless war, Toledo War.
The Soo Canal, commercial gate of the world; tonnage greater than the port of New York or Suez Canal.
1600 miles lake coast.

It is estimated that the water powers developed in the State of Michigan today are saving 2,000,000 tons of coal per year worth approxi-

mately $6,000,000, and that there is still undeveloped in our streams enough power to run every manufacturing establishment in the State and heat and light every home, or an equivalent to 4,400,000 tons of coal annually worth approximately $13,200,000.

—A. C. Carton, Deputy Land Commissioner.

SONG OF THE OLD FOLKS

(Auld Lang Syne.)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind;
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne we meet tonight,
For auld lang syne;
To sing the songs our fathers sung
In days of auld lang syne.

We've passed through many varied scenes
Since youth's unclouded day;
And friends, and hopes, and happy dreams
Time's hand hath swept away
And voices that once joined with ours
In days of auld lang syne
Are silent now and blend no more
In songs of auld lang syne.

* * * * * *

Here we have met, here we may part,
To meet on earth no more;
And we may never sing again
The cherished songs of yore;
The sacred songs our fathers sang,
In days of auld lang syne;
We may not meet to sing again
The songs of auld lang syne.

But when we've crossed the sea of life,
And reached the heavenly shore,
We'll sing the songs our fathers sang,
Transcending those of yore;
We'll meet to sing diviner strains
Than those of auld lang syne;
Immortal songs of praise, unknown
In days of auld lang syne.

MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN

By Mrs. Jane W. Brent.

Home of my heart, I sing of thee,
Michigan, my Michigan,
Thy lake-bound shores I long to see,
Michigan, my Michigan.
From Saginaw's tall whispering pines,
To Lake Superior's farthest mines,
Fair in the light of memory shines,
Michigan, my Michigan.

Thou gav'st thy sons without a sigh, Michigan, &c.,
And sent thy bravest forth to die, Michigan, &c.
Beneath a hostile southern sky
They bore thy banner proud and high,
Ready to fight, but *never* fly, Michigan, &c.

From Yorktown on to Richmond's wall, Michigan, &c.,
They bravely fight, as bravely fall, Michigan, &c.
To Williamsburg we point with pride—
Our Fifth and Seventh, side by side,
There stemmed and stayed the battle's tide, Michigan, &c.

When worn with watching traitor foes, Michigan, &c.,
The welcome night brought sweet repose, Michigan, &c.,
The soldier, weary from the fight,
Sleeps soundly, nor fears the rebels' might,
For "Michigan's on guard tonight!" Michigan, &c.

Afar on Shiloh's fatal plain, Michigan, &c.,
Again behold thy heroes slain, Michigan, &c.,
Their strong arms crumble in the dust,
And their bright swords have gathered rust,
Their memory is our sacred trust, Michigan, &c.

And often in the coming years, Michigan, &c.,
Some widowed mother'll dry her tears, Michigan, &c.,
And turning with a thrill of pride,
Say to the children at her side,
"At Antietam your father died,
For Michigan, *our* Michigan.

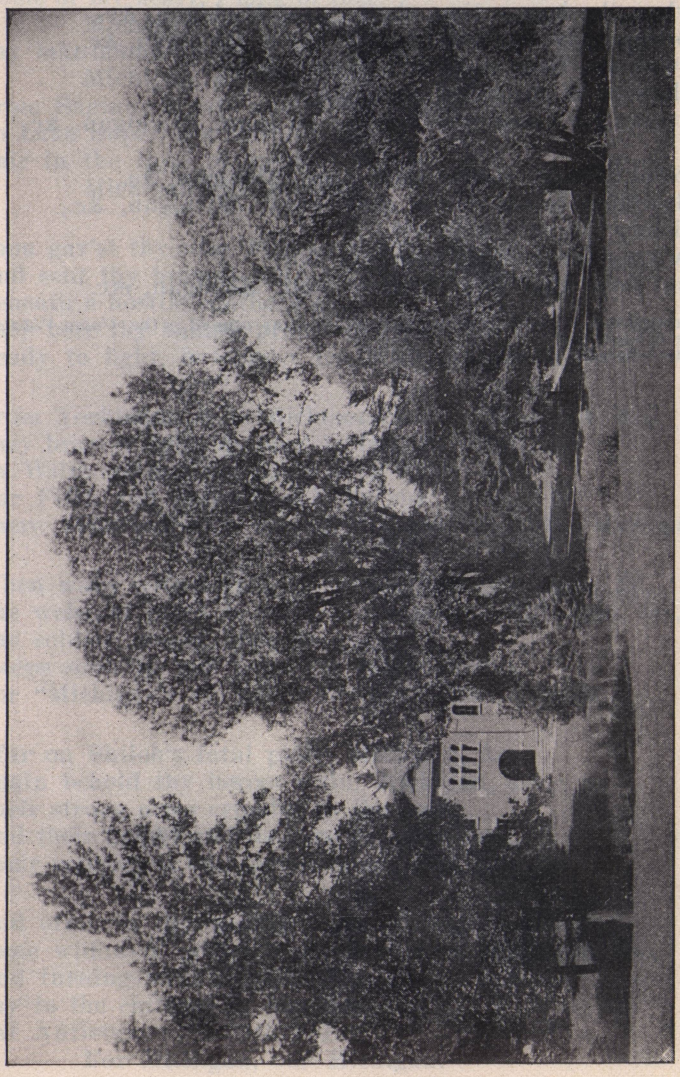
*With General Grant's victorious name, Michigan, &c.,
Thy sons still onward march to fame, Michigan, &c.
And foremost in the fight we see,
Where'er the bravest dare to be,
The sabers of thy cavalry, Michigan, &c.

Dark rolled the Rappahannock's flood, Michigan, &c.,
The tide was crimsoned with thy blood, Michigan, &c.,
Although for us the day was lost,
Still it shall be our proudest boast,
At Fredericksburg our Seventh crossed, Michigan, &c.

And when the happy time shall come, Michigan, &c.,
That brings they war-worn heroes home, Michigan, &c.,
What welcome from their own proud shore,
What honors at their feet we'll pour,
What tears for those who'll come no more, Michigan, &c.

A grateful country claims them now, Michigan, &c.,
And deathless laurel binds each brow, Michigan, &c.,
And history the tale will tell
Of how they fought and how they fell,
For that dear land they loved so well, Michigan, etc.

NOTE—The foregoing is a true copy of the original poem, as printed in the *Union Vidette* in 1863 during the siege of Knoxville.
*General Custer's favorite stanza.



ABBOT HALL, M. A. C.
Courtesy of Michigan Agricultural College.

LINCOLN DAY

FEBRUARY TWELFTH

A TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN

From humble parentage and poverty, old Nature reared him,
And the world beheld her ablest, noblest man;
Few were his joys and many and terrible his trials,
But grandly he met them as only true great souls can.
Our nation's martyr—pure, honest, patient, tender—
Thou who did'st suffer agony e'en for the slave,
Our flag's defender, our brave immortal teacher!
I lay this humble tribute on thy honored grave.

—Paul DeVere.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote.
For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes,
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame;
The kindly, earnest, grave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame.
New birth of our new soil—the first American.

—James Russell Lowell.

REVERENCE FOR LAWS

Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap. Let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges. Let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and in almanacs. Let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation.

—From an address at Springfield, Ill., Jan. 27, 1837.

STATUE OF LINCOLN BY ST. GAUDENS.

God make us worthy of the memory of Abraham Lincoln.
—Phillips Brooks.

The statue of Lincoln by Augustus Saint-Gaudens is in Lincoln Park, Chicago. It is made of bronze and is one of the greatest pieces of sculpture in the United States.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

FLAG EXERCISE

First child—

What flag is this?

Second child—

This is our country's flag
This flag so fine.
It is my father's flag
And it is mine.

Third child—

What are its colors?

Fourth child—

White stars in a field of blue,
Stripes white and red.
See our Red, White and Blue,
Waving overhead.

Fifth child—

What do these colors mean?

Sixth child—

White means be always pure.
Red means be brave,
Blue means be ever true,
Long may it wave.

Seventh child—

Why are the flags up today?

Eighth child—

All these United States, many in one,
Honor this glorious name
Abraham Lincoln.

All—(Tune, Auld Lang Syne)

We wave the flag, the bonny flag
Of red and white and blue,
This flag that floates o'er land and sea,
To it we will be true.
Then hail the flag, this bonny flag,
We'll give it three times three,
God bless the land that owns this flag
The land of liberty.

—Alice Roache, Ironwood, Michigan.

WORDS OF LINCOLN

Liberty is your birthright.

Truth is everything.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have.

With firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right.

Our government rests in public opinion. Whoever can change public opinion can change the government practically just so much.

Whatever is calculated to improve the condition of the honest, struggling, laboring man, I am for that thing.

I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

You can fool some of the people some of the time, or all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.

Success does not so much depend on external help as on self-reliance.

It is better only sometimes to be right than at all times wrong.

If our sense of duty forbids, then let us stand by our sense of duty.

Workingmen are the basis of all governments.

Mercy bears richer rewards than strict justice.

No men living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty—none less inclined to take, or touch, aught which they have not honestly earned.

This country, with all its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.

Nothing stamped with the Divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on and degraded and imbruted by its fellows.

It is easy to conceive that all these shades of opinion, and even more, may be sincerely entertained by honest and truthful men.

This government is expressly charged with the duty of providing for the general welfare.

LINCOLN'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF

"If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; of dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands are recollected."

SONG—MY OWN UNITED STATES

BY SCHOOL.

The poet sings of sunny France, fair, olive laden Spain;
The Grecian Isles, Italia's smiles and India's torrid plain;
Of Egypt, countless ages old; dark Afric's palms and dates.
Let me acclaim the land I name—my own United States!

Chorus—I love ev'ry inch of her prairie land;
Each stone on her mountain's side.
I love ev'ry drop of the water clear
That flows in her rivers wide.
I love ev'ry tree, ev'ry blade of grass
Within Columbia's gates.
The Queen of the Earth
Is the land of my birth—
My own United States!

The poet sings of Switzerland, Braw Scotland's heathered moor,
The shimmering sheen of Ireland's green, Old England's rock-bound shore,
Quaint Holland and the Fatherland, Their charm in verse relates,
Let me acclaim the land I name—my own United States;
—M. Witmark & Sons, Publishers, New York City.

THE DEATH OF LINCOLN

(April 15, 1865.)

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with terror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.
—William Cullen Bryant.

LINCOLN

A peaceful life;—just toil and rest—
All his desire;—
To read the books he liked the best
Beside the cabin fire—
God's word and man's;—to peer sometimes
Above the page, in smouldering gleams,
And catch, like far heroic rhymes,
The onmarch of his dreams.

A peaceful life;—to hear the low
Of pastured herds,
Or woodman's ax that, blow on blow,
Fell sweet as rhythmic words.
And yet there stirred within his breast
A fateful pulse that, like a roll
Of drums, made high above his rest
A tumult in his soul.

A peaceful life! * * * They haled him even
As One was haled
Whose open palms were nailed toward Heaven
When prayers nor aught availed.
And, lo, he paid the selfsame price
To lull a nation's awful strife
And will us, through the sacrifice
Of self, his peaceful life.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

[Dedication of National Cemetery, November 19, 1863.]

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract.

The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

LITTLE BOY ABE

Little Boy Abe had a homely face,
  But his heart was kindly and true;
And I think that I will try to be
  Like Little Boy Abe—wouldn't you?

Little Boy Abe had an awkward way,
  But his thoughts were noble and wise;
And I think a boy can be like him,
  If hard, very hard, he tries.

Little Boy Abe dressed in homespun clothes,
  But his wit was keen and bright;
And I think a boy will never be dull
  If he thinks with all his might.

Little Boy Abe was very poor,
  But he did his best every day;
And I think a boy can do his best, too,
  If he follows Little Abe's way.

Little Boy Abe grew into a man
  Beloved by the people all;
And I'm going to try to grow great, like him,
  Even if, now, I am small.

—Virginia Baker.

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man, he took a flat boat down the Mississippi river to New Orleans.

While there he went to the slave market many times.

He saw old men beaten by their masters. Wives were sold and taken away from their husbands, and mothers sold away from their dear little babies.

Every time he went it made his heart ache.

One day he turned to his friends who were with him and said: "Come away boys. If I ever get the chance to hit that thing I'll hit it hard!" He spoke as a prophet for he did get the chance. He did hit slavery, and he hit it so hard it fell never to rise again.

VISIONS OF LINCOLN

Some one spoke the name of Lincoln,
And before me straightway rose
An ungainly, awkward woodsman,
Clad in common working clothes.

Some one spoke the name of Lincoln,
And behold! a pageant fair
Streamed across a stately city,
And a President was there.

Some one spoke the name of Lincoln,
And before my vision rolled
Scenes of blood and awful battles
That on History's page are told.

Some one spoke the name of Lincoln,
And I saw a music hall,
Decked with flags and dense with people,
And a man the marked of all.

Some one spoke the name of Lincoln,
Hark! was that a pistol shot?
Did I see upon the carpet
Stains of blood, or but a blot?

Some one spoke the name of Lincoln,
Tolling bells rang in my ear,
And I saw a mourning nation,
Following a black-palled bier.

Some one spoke the name of Lincoln,
Rifted were the crystal skies,
And I saw a crowned Immortal
In the place called Paradise.

—Susie M. Best.

Abraham Lincoln was the vindication of poverty. He gave glory to the lowly. In the light of his life, the cabin became conspicuous; the commonest toil no longer common, and the poor man's hardship a road to honor. It put shame on the prejudice of wealth and birth, and dignity on common manhood. The poor received from him inspiring hope; he taught the humblest youth that there was for him a path to power.

—Luther Laflin Mills.

I do the very best I know how; the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.

—Abraham Lincoln.

THE NAME OF LINCOLN

There's a name that brings a picture
Of a man great souled and grand;
One whose deeds on History's pages,
Carved in bold relief shall stand.

There's a name that brings a picture
Of a time when blood was shed,
When the boom of cannon sounded
And the star of War was red.

There's a name that brings a picture
Of a shackled race set free,
Brought from out the ban of bondage
To the joys of liberty.

There's a name that brings a picture
Of a nation bowed in woe,
For the hand of an assassin
Laid a noble spirit low.

'Tis the name of martyred Lincoln
Calls these pictures from the past,
And that name with the Immortals
Shall endure while earth shall last.

—Susie M. Best.

Abraham Lincoln was the genius of common sense.—Charles Dudley Warner.

Lincoln was the purest, the most generous, the most magnanimous of men.—Gen. W. T. Sherman.

Washington was the father, and Lincoln the savior, of his country.—Henry L. Dawes.

A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness for his enemies.—Ulysses Simpson Grant.

His career teaches young men that every position of eminence is open before the diligent and worthy.—Bishop Mathew Simpson.

By his fidelity to the True, the Right, the Good, he gained not only favor and applause, but what is better than all, love.—W. D. Howells.

Kind, unpretending, patient, laborious, brave, wise, great, and good, such was Abraham Lincoln.—Theodore Frelinghuysen.

Such a life and character will be treasured forever as the sacred possession of the American people and of mankind.—James A. Garfield.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For your bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

—Walt Whitman.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

THE NAME OF WASHINGTON

Sons of the youth and the truth of a nation,
Ye that are met to remember the man
Whose valor gave birth to a people's salvation,
Honor him now; set his name in the van.
A nobleness to try for,
A name to live and die for—
The name of Washington!

Calmly his face shall look down through the ages—
Sweet yet severe with a spirit of warning;
Charged with the wisdom of saints and of sages;
Quick with the light of a life-giving morning.
A majesty to try for,
A name to live and die for—
The name of Washington!

Though faction may rack us, or party divide us,
And bitterness break the gold links of our story,
Our father and leader is ever beside us.
Live and forgive! But forget not the glory
Of him whose height we try for,
A name to live and die for—
The name of Washington!

Still in his eyes shall be mirrored our fleeting
Days, with the image of days long ended;
Still shall those eyes give, immortally, greeting
Unto the souls from his spirit descended.
His grandeur we will try for,
His name we'll live and die for—
The name of Washington!

—George Parsons Lathrop.

Read before the Sons of the Revolution, New York, February 22, 1887.

WASHINGTON

Washington is the mightiest name on earth, long since mightiest in the cause of civil liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation.

On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun or glory to the name of Washington is alike impossible. Let none attempt it.

In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor, leave it shining on.—Abraham Lincoln.

INDEPENDENCE BELL

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people,
Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild New England shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse!"
"Make some way, there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle then!
When a Nation's life's at hazard
We've no time to think of men!"

So they surged against the State House
While all solemnly inside
Sat the Continental Congress,
Truth and reason for their guide;
O'er a simple scroll debating,
Which, though simple it might be,
Yet would shake the cliffs of England
With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron sceptered sway;
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye should catch the signal,
The long-expected news to tell.

See! See! the dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!

With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark! with deep, clear intonations
Breaks his young voice on the air;

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
Whilst the boy cries joyously:
"Ring! he shouts, "Ring, grandpapa,
Ring, oh, ring for liberty."
Quickly, at the given signal,
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! what rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm-gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
Our glorious liberty arose.

That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young;
And when we greet the smiling sunlight,
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman,
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rung out loudly "Independence,"
Which, please God, shall never die!

BALLAD OF BETTY ROSS

Just out of the history, primly she comes,
With slender pink fingers and deft little thumbs,
She brings a bright needle—a skein of soft floss,
A thimble, and scissors, this quaint Betty Ross.

She skillfully sews some long strips, red and white—
And cuts with quick fingers five-pointed stars bright.
Then puts all together, and with a proud toss,
She holds up a banner—this quaint Betty Ross.

Beloved Old Glory! So fearless and true,
In bright, starry splendor of red, white, and blue,
Forever your stars, with their beautiful gloss,
Shall bring us sweet thoughts of our quaint Betty Ross!

—Selected.

WASHINGTON

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?
Yes,—one, the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington
To make men blush there was but one.

—Lord Byron.

Faed.

WASHINGTON AT TRENTON

Courtesy of Educational Publishing Co.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S TOAST

At the conclusion of the war, Dr. Franklin, the English Minister, and the French Minister dining together, a toast from each was called for and agreed to. The British Minister began with: "George III, who, like the sun in its meridian, spreads a luster throughout and enlightens the world." The French Minister followed with: "The illustrious Louis XVI, who, like the moon, sheds mild and benignant rays upon and influences the globe." Our American Franklin then gave: "George Washington, Commander of the American armies, who, like Joshua of old, commanded the sun and moon to stand still—and they obeyed him."

SOLDIER BOYS

(To be given by three little boys bearing—one a gun and knapsack, one a flag, and the third a drum. The first two lines may be sung by the school, the boys replying.)

Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you going,
Bearing so proudly your knapsack and gun?

Soldier Boy:

I go where my country my duty is showing,
Bearing so proudly my knapsack and gun.

Color boy, color boy, where are you hieing,
Waving your banner of red, white and blue?

Color Boy:

I go where the flag of the free should be flying,
Waving my banner of red, white and blue.

Drummer boy, drummer boy, where are you speeding,
Rolling so gaily your bold rataplan?

Drummer Boy:

I go where my country my service is needing,
Rolling so gaily my bold rataplan.

When will you come again, soldier boys playing,
Drumming and waving and bearing the gun?

Boys:

Not while our country our duty is showing,
Drumming and waving and bearing the gun.

WASHINGTON AT MT. VERNON

(Written by Rev. William Jay, of England, on seeing a picture of Mt. Vernon.)

"There dwelt the Man, the flower of human kind,
Whose visage mild bespoke his noble mind.
There dwelt the Soldier, who his sword ne'er drew
But in a righteous cause to freedom true.
There dwelt the Hero, who ne'er fought for fame,
Yet gained more glory than a Cæsar's name.
There dwelt the Statesman who devoid of art
Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart.
And oh! Columbia, by thy sons caressed,
There dwelt the Father of the realms he blessed.
Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise,
Like other chiefs, the means himself to raise;
But there, retiring, breathed in pure renown
And felt a grandeur that disdained a crown."

TOAST TO THE FLAG

Your Flag, and my Flag,
And how it flies today
In your land and my land
And half a world away.
Rose red and blood red
Its stripes forever gleam,
Soul white and snow white,
The good forefathers' dream.
Sky blue and true blue,
With stars to gleam aright
A gloried guidon in the day,
A shelter through the night.

Your Flag, and my Flag!
And oh, how much it holds
Your land and my land
Secure within its folds;
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight,
Sun kissed and wind tossed,
The red and blue and white.
The one Flag, the great Flag,
The Flag for me and you.—
Glorified all else beside,
The Red and White and Blue.

—W. B. Nesbit.

AMERICA

America! Mine!
Ay, comrades, and thine.
Thy very name ripples with music, and rolls
Like the oceans that surge 'twixt the mystical poles,
Land of great Boone,
Of Marion, Wayne;
Of Hamilton, Jefferson, Washington, Blaine,
Of thousands that lived and died all too soon;
Who beat out broad paths for new feet to tread,
From the time when the first white man met the first red,
Down to Crocket's and Bowie's, they of the band
Who for liberty died by the old Rio Grande!
The Alamo forget not, nor for what that band died,
While reason sits throned in its glorious pride.
And worship our Kearneys, our Grants—and the brave
Who enriched the old earth the old Union to save!
My dear native land!
I lift my right hand,

With my left on my heart, and my eyes to the skies,
And my soul on my tongue,
While I list to the breezes, that, mayhap, have sung
Round the world since the dawn of creation tore the veil of the long night apart,—
My very heart cries:
To be born in thee, be of thee, breathe thy sweet air,
To die in thee, rest in thee, under the glare
Of the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the folds
Of the stars and bars of thy banner, which holds
Over all, that which monarchs despise:
Liberty, brotherhood, union, and all,
Here on the sod,
Under night's pall,
I cry out: Thank God!
America! Mine!
Ay, any man's—thine!
Thine from the jungle, from Africa's plain;
From the knout, from the chain:
From the land where the mothers of conscripts' tears flow
Like the rain,
When the flesh of their flesh and the bone of their bone march away to fight, wound, and be slain;
From the fair land of Austria, Italy, Spain;
From Erin, whose woe
Fills the hearts of republics with horror and pain.
This land of the free is for thee!
Live in it, work in it, love in it, weep in it,
Laugh in it, sing in it, die in it, sleep in it!
For it's free, and for thee, and for me,
The fairest
And rarest
That man ever trod;
The sweetest and dearest
'Twixt the sky and the sod,
And it's mine,
And it's thine,
Thank God!

—John Ernest McCann.

WHY OUR FLAG FLOATS

In honor of truth and right,
In honor of courage and might,
And the will that makes a way,
In honor of work well done,
In honor of fame well won,
In honor of Washington
Our flag is floating today.

—Youth's Companion.

OUR FLAG

O'er the school-house, floating high,
We see our flag as we pass by.

It has thirteen stripes, and seven are red,
And six are white as the snow instead.

With a little piece of star-filled sky
Set in the corner to gladden the eye.

You may search and search the whole world through,
There is naught so dear as its red, white and blue.

WASHINGTON ELM.

Courtesy of Brown Picture Co., Beverly, Mass.

WASHINGTON

Virginia gave us this imperial man
Cast in the massive mold
Of those high-statured ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran;
She gave us this unblemished gentleman;
What shall we give her back but love and praise
As in the dear old unestranged days
Before the inevitable wrong began?
Mother of states and undiminished men,
Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
And we owe always that we owed thee then:
The boon thou wouldst have snatched from us again
Shines as before with no abatement dim.

—From James Russell Lowell's "Under the Old Elm."

I love the name of Washington,
I love my country, too.
I love the flag, the dear old flag
Of red and white and blue.

THE MINUET

(To be recited by boys and girls in colonial costumes. The minuet may be played during the recitation.)

Grandma told me all about it,
Told me so I could not doubt it,
How she danced, my grandma danced, long ago,
How she held her little head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes,
How she slowly sank and rose—
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny,
Dimpled cheeks, too—oh, how funny!
Really, quite a pretty girl, long ago.
Bless her, why she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day, and yet
Grandma danced the minuet—
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says, but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course,—long ago,
Brave and modest, grandly shy,
What if each of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the stately minuet,
Long ago!
(Followed by the minuet.)

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

The bells of Mount Vernon are ringing today,
And what say their melodious numbers
To the flag-blooming air? List! what do they say?
"The fame of the hero ne'er slumbers,
The world's monument stands the Potomac beside,
And what says the shaft to the river?
'When the hero has lived for his country and died,
Death crowns him a hero forever.'
The bards crown the heroes, and children rehearse
The songs that give heroes to story,
And what say the bards to the children? 'No verse
Can yet measure Washington's glory!'
For freedom outlives the crowns of the earth,
And freedom shall triumph forever;
And time must long wait the true song of his birth,
Who sleeps by the beautiful river."

—Hezekiah Butterworth.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY

Pale is the February sky,
And brief the midday's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.
Yet has no month a prouder day,
Not even when the summer broods
O'er meadows in their fresh array,
Or Autumn tints the glowing woods.
For this chill season now again
Brings in its annual round, the morn
When greatest of the sons of men—
Our glorious Washington, was born.
Amid the wreck of thrones shall live
Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame;
And years succeeding years shall give
Increase of honors to his name.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE VOW OF WASHINGTON

The sword was sheathed; in April's sun
Lay green the fields by freedom won;
And severed sections weary of debates,
Joined hands at last and were United States.

How felt the land in every part
The strong throb of a Nation's heart,
And its great leader gave with reverent awe
His pledge to union, liberty and law!

That pledge—the heavens above him heard:
That vow—the sleep of centuries stirred.
In world-wide wonder listening peoples bent
Their gaze on Freedom's great experiment.

Could it succeed? Of honor sold,
And hopes deceived, all history told,
Above the wrecks that strewed the mournful past
Was the long dream of ages true at last?

Thank God! the peoples' choice was just,
The one man equal to his trust;
Wise beyond lore, and without weakness good,
Strong in the strength of flawless rectitude!

His rule of justice, order, peace,
Made possible the world's release;
Taught prince and serf that power is but a trust,
And rule alone, that serves the ruled is just.

Land of his love! with one glad voice
Let thy great sisterhood rejoice,
A century's suns o'er thee have risen and set,
And God be praised, we are one nation yet.

One people now, all doubt beyond,
His name shall be our Union bond;
We lift our hands to heaven and here and now
Take on our lips the old Centennial vow.

Then let the sovereign millions where
Our banner floats in sun and air,
From warm palm lands to Alaska's cold,
Repeat with us the pledge, a century old!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

FLAG DRILL

BY EIGHT PUPILS

Enter, four on each side, from back side entrances, meet in couples at middle of back, first couple turns to right, second to left, and so on. Meet in fours at back of center, pass down center in four, one four goes right, one left. Meet at back and come down in eight. Form line across stage.

All this time flags have been held across right shoulder. The commands are to be executed during eight counts, each eighth count being first position, which is flag in front of right shoulder.

1. Salute. Right and forward. Position. Out at side. Position. Repeat.
2. Shoulder. Right hand placed on left shoulder, flags perpendicular 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Position.
3. Droop. Step obliquely forward with right foot, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, at same time holding flag staff horizontally out in front of body, with flag waving downward. Position.
4. Retreat. Walk backwards eight steps.
5. Break ranks. Each boy faces partner, 1, cross flags, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Position.
6. Forward. Eight steps forward.
7. Friendship. Cross flags with partner, all facing front.
8. Unfurl. Step obliquely forward placing right hand on left shoulder, 1; wave flag to right on 2, hold flag upon 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Position.
9. Peace. Let staff lay across right shoulder, 1; flag droops behind shoulder, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Position.
10. Present Arms. Fold staff with both hands in front of face during seven counts. Position.
11. Shoulder. Like 2.
12. Wave. Left 1, right 2, etc., to 7. Position.
13. Display. Bend hand so as to let staff lie horizontally from right shoulder to left, flag drooping down, 1; hold seven counts. Position.
14. Triumph. Step obliquely forward on 1; wave left and right 2, 3; hold last position 4, 5, 6, 7. Position.
15. Stack. Left four boys and right four boys each form small

circle, right hand extended toward middle, bringing flags in bunch, hold them high. Take three counts to get into position, hold three, and return to position on 7, 8.

16. Surrender. Hold flag in position 6 counts; on 7, open hand, letting flag fall; on 8 drop hand at side.

17. Recover. Stoop on 1, 2; take hold of and lift flag on 3, 4, 5. Position, 6, 7, 8.

18. Repeat from No. 2 through drill.

19. Salute. Like 1.

20. Four left hand boys face left, march around stage and off left back entrance; four right hand boys face and march right.

WASHINGTON MAXIMS

Undertake not what you can not perform; but be careful to keep your promise.

Vile words should not be used in jest or in earnest. Scoff at none although they give occasion.

Haste not to relate news if you know not the truth thereof. In talking of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret disclose not.

Associate yourself with men of good quality if you value your reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Speak not when others speak, sit not when others stand, walk not when others stop.

Zealously strive to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

Example is more than precept; wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous, the first to salute, hear and answer, and not pensive when it is time to converse.

When another speaks, be attentive yourself, and distrub not the audience.

Speak no evil of the absent; it is unjust.

Be cool, but determined. Do not fire at a distance but wait for orders from your officers.

Let us have a government by which our lives, liberties and properties will be secure.

Promote, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge.

It will not be doubted that, with reference either to individual or national welfare, agriculture is of primary importance.

Use no profane language against anyone; neither curse nor revile.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

When you speak of God or His attributes, let it be seriously, in reverence.

I hope I shall always possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, that of an honest man.

Humor, when good, makes one dish of meat a feast.

'TIS SPLENDID TO LIVE SO GRANDLY

'Tis splendid to live so grandly
That, long after you are gone,
Things you did are remembered,
And recounted under the sun;
To live so bravely and purely
That a nation stops on its way,
And once a year, with banner and drum,
Keep the thoughts of your natal day.

'Tis splendid to have a record,
So white and free from stain,
That, held to the light, it shows no blot,
Though tested and tried amain;
That age to age forever
Repeats its story of love,
And your birthday lives in a nation's heart
All other days above.

And this is Washington's glory,
A steadfast soul and true,
Who stood for his country's honor,
When his country's days were few.
And now when its days are many,
And its flags of stars are flung
To the breeze in defiant challenge,
His name is on every tongue.

Yes, it's splendid to live so bravely,
To be so great and strong,
That your memory is ever a tocsin
To rally the foes of the wrong;
To live so proudly and purely
That your people pause in their way,
And year by year, with banner and drum,
Keep the thought of your natal day.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

IN PRAISE OF WASHINGTON

First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen.

—Henry Lee.

Washington is the purest figure in human history.

—Gladstone.

"No people can claim, no country can appropriate him; his fame is eternity and his residence creation."

Posterity will talk of Washington as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolution.

—Napoleon Bonaparte.

Just honor to Washington can only be rendered by observing his precepts and imitating his example.

—Robert C. Winthrop.

Washington was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest concern.

—Thomas Jefferson.

America has furnished to the world the character of Washington; if our American institutions had done nothing else, that alone would have entitled them to the respect of mankind.

—Daniel Webster.

LONGFELLOW DAY

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SEVENTH

QUOTATIONS FROM LONGFELLOW

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

Labor with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone;
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

Act,—Act in the living Present
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,
Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,
But in ourselves are triumph and defeat.

Man is unjust, but God is just, and finally justice triumphs.

All common things, each day's events,
That with the hours begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.

Softly the evening came. The sun from the Western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.

Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of Heaven
Blossom the lovely stars—the forget-me-nots of the angels.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.

All things come around to him who will but wait.

DESCRIPTION OF EVANGELINE

IN COSTUME

Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers.
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows by the wayside,
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fair was she when, on Sunday morning, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap, and her kirtle of blue, and the ear-rings,
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom,
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

A SKETCH FROM THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

ADAPTED FROM LONGFELLOW'S POEM BY MARY TEMPLETON, IRONWOOD, MICH.

SCENE I.

(Miles Standish and John Alden are talking together, John Alden seated at table on which there are writing materials. Miles Standish walks about restlessly while he speaks.)

Standish—

'Tis not good for man to be alone, say the Scriptures.
Oft in my lonely hours have I thought of the maiden Priscilla.
She is alone in the world. Her father and mother and brother
Died in the winter together; I saw her going and coming
Now to the grave of the dead, and now to the bed of the dying.
She has been like an angel to my lonesome life.
Go to Priscilla, the loveliest maiden of Plymouth;
Say that a blunt, old Captain offers his hand and his heart in marriage. (Resting his hand on John Alden's arm.)
You, who are a scholar, can say it in elegant language,
Such as you think best to win the heart of a maiden.

John Alden—

I do not like to deliver such a message.
If you would have it well done you must do it yourself,
You must not leave it to others.

Standish—

Now, as I said before, I was never a maker of phrases.
I can march up to a fortress,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets or shot,
But of a thundering "No!" from the mouth of woman,
I confess I'm afraid.
So you must grant my request.

John (clasping Standish's hand)—

You are a friend of mine and
I have not the power to deny you!

Standish—

Since you are to carry this message,
I am sure she will not say "No."

John Alden—(Aside.)

Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?
Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence?
Was it for this I came to the desolate shores of New England?
(Looking at flowers on table.)
These Puritan flowers are fresh and pure like Puritan maidens,
Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the May-flower of Plymouth.
(Exit John, with flowers.)

SCENE II.—PRISCILLA'S HOUSE.

(Priscilla is sitting at spinning wheel, or in low chair, knitting. Enter John Alden.)

Priscilla—
John, I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;
For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning.
Today my thoughts go back to old England and I feel lonely and wretched.

John Alden—
Indeed I do not condemn you;
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish the Captain of Plymouth!

Priscilla—
If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me,
Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me?
If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!

John Alden—
You know the Captain is busy, has no time for such things.

Priscilla—
Has no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married,
Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding?
That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
Had he but waited awhile, and showed that he loved me,
Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me.
But now it never can happen.

John Alden—
Think of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders,
Though he is rough, he is kindly; you know how during the winter
He has attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's.
He is great of heart and any woman in Plymouth might be happy and proud
To be called the wife of Miles Standish!

Priscilla (smiling archly)—
Why don't you speak for yourself, John?
(Exit John, hastily.)

SCENE III.

Standish—(seated; enter John Alden.)
Standish—
Long have you been on your errand,
Come, sit down, and tell me all that has happened.

John Alden—
Friend! I went straightway to the maiden Priscilla,
Spoke of your courage and skill, of all your battles in Flanders;

Boughton.

JOHN ALDEN AND PRISCILLA.

Courtesy of Brown Picture Co., Beverly, Mass.

But when I came to pause and anxiously waited her answer,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said in tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

Standish—(leaping up from his chair in an excited way)
John Alden! you have betrayed me!
Me, Miles Standish, your friend!
Let there be nothing between us now save war and hatred!
(Exit John.)

(Enter Messenger.)
Messenger—
I bring you a message of danger and war and hostile incursions of Indians,
Brought by an Indian who stands awaiting an answer.

Standish—
Go! tell them I'm coming at once.

SCENE IV.—(PRISCILLA'S HOME)

Priscilla—
I am glad to see you, John.
I feared you were much offended.
Certainly you can forgive me, for speaking so frankly, for saying
What I ought not to have said, yet now I can never unsay it.
You will forgive me, I hope, for the sake of our friendship,
Which is too true and too sacred to be so easily broken!

John Alden—
I was not angry with you, but with myself,
Seeing how badly I managed the matter I had in my keeping.

Priscilla—
No; you were angry with me, for speaking so frankly and freely.

John Alden—
Heaven forbid it, Priscilla.

Priscilla—
Ah, I can see
How very little you care for me,
You urge me to marry your friend,
But much more to me is your friendship.

John Alden—
Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest.

(Enter Messenger.)
Messenger—
I bring sad news from the village.
Miles Standish is dead!
Slain by a poisoned arrow.

(Priscilla turns away, but John Alden goes to her side; takes both her hands)

John Alden—
Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder!

MONDAMIN

And Mondamin paused to listen.
Tall and beautiful he stood there,
In his garments green and yellow;
To and fro his plumes above him
Waved and nodded with his breathing.

Then he smiled and said:
"Make a bed for me to lie in,
Where the rain may fall upon me,
Where the sun may come and warm me;
Strip these garments, green and yellow,
Strip this nodding plumage from me,
Lay me in the earth, and make it
Soft and loose and light above me.
Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me,
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine."

And victorious Hiawatha
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him;
Laid him in the earth and made it
Soft and loose and light above him.

Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine.
Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away with scoffs and shoutings,
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.
Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Then he called to old Nokomis
And Iagoo, the great boaster,
Showed them where the maize was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this new gift to the nations,
Which should be their food forever.
And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long green leaves to yellow
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

—From Hiawatha.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under the spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow:
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

The blacksmith shop, shaded by the chestnut-tree, stood in Brattle Street, Cambridge, near Longfellow's home. Longfellow often visited with the children in the shade of the tree. When the tree was cut down the children of Cambridge contributed their pennies and had the wood made into a beautiful armchair which they presented to Longfellow on his seventy-second birthday. The chair was placed in his study and all the children were invited to come to see it.

This incident might be dramatized by the pupils.

FROM MY ARM-CHAIR

TO THE CHILDREN OF CAMBRIDGE

Who presented to me, on my seventy-second birthday, February 27, 1879, this chair made from the wood of the village blacksmith's chestnut tree.

(Mr. Longfellow had this poem, which he wrote on the same day printed on a sheet, and was accustomed to give a copy to each child who visited him and sat in the chair.)

Am I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason, or what right divine,
Can I proclaim it mine?

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song
It may to me belong;
Only because the spreading chestnut tree
Of old was sung by me.

Well I remember it in all its prime,
When in the summer-time
The affluent foliage of its branches made
A cavern of cool shade.

There, by the blacksmith's forge, beside the street,
Its blossoms white and sweet
Enticed the bees, until it seemed alive,
And murmured like a hive.

And when the winds of autumn, with a shout,
Tossed its great arms about,
The shining chestnuts, bursting from the sheath,
Dropped to the ground beneath.

And now some fragments of its branches bare,
Shaped as a stately chair,
Have by my hearthstone found a home at last,
And whisper of the past.

The Danish king could not in all his pride
Repel the ocean tide,
But, seated in this chair, I can in rhyme
Roll back the tide of Time.

I see again, as one in vision sees,
The blossoms and the bees,
And hear the children's voices shout and call
And the brown chestnuts fall.

I see the smithy with its fires aglow,
I hear the bellows blow,
And the shrill hammers on the anvil beat
The iron white with heat!

And thus, dear children, have ye made for me
This day a jubilee,
And to my more than three score years and ten
Brought back my youth again.

The heart hath its own memory, like the mind,
And in it are enshrined
The precious keepsakes, into which is wrought
The giver's loving thought.

Only your love and your remembrance could
Give life to this dead wood,
And make these branches, leafless now so long,
Blossom again in song.

THE CHILDREN

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow,
But in mine is the wind of autumn
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

FLOWERS

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flowerets under us
Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours;
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth, these golden flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the center of his blazon shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expend their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.

AMERICAN GOLDFINCH

UPPER FIGURE, MALE; LOWER FIGURE, FEMALE

(One-half natural size)

NATURE

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

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ARBOR AND BIRD DAY

Day appointed by the Governor

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows, that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson, that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears.

—Longfellow.

The robin, the forerunner of the Spring,
The bluebird with his jocund caroling,
The restless swallows building in the eaves,
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,
All welcome this majestic holiday.

—Longfellow.

Among the beautiful pictures
  That hang on memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
  That seemeth best of all.

—Alice Carey.

OUT IN THE FIELDS

The little cares that fretted me,—
  I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
  Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
  The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
  The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen,—
  I cast them all away
Among the clover scented grass,
  Among the new-mown hay,
Among the husking of the corn
  Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,—
  Out in the fields with God.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

A FOREST HYMN

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE FIRST BLUEBIRD

Jest rain and snow! and rain again!
  And dribble! drip! and blow!
Then snow! and thaw! and slush and then
  Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeared
  To wake up—when, I jing!
I seen the sun shine out and heerd
  The first bluebird of spring!—
Mother she'd raised the winder some—
  And in acrost the orchurd come,
    Soft as an angel's wing,
  A breezy, treesy, beesy hum,
    Too sweet for anything!

The winter's shroud was rent apart—
  The sun burst forth in glee,—
And when that bluebird sung, my heart
  Hopped out o'bed with me!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

SPRING

The alder by the river
  Shakes out her powdery curls;
The willow buds in silver
  For little boys and girls.

The little birds fly over
  And oh, how sweet they sing!
To tell the happy children
  That once again 'tis Spring.

The gay green grass comes creeping
  So soft beneath their feet;
The frogs begin to ripple
  A music clear and sweet.

And the buttercups are coming,
  And scarlet columbine,
And in the sunny meadows
  The dandelions shine.

And just as many daisies
  As their soft hands can hold
The little ones may gather,
  All fair in white and gold.

Here blows the warm red clover,
  There peeps the violet blue;
O, happy little children!
  God made them all for you.

—Celia Thaxter.

A SECRET

We have a secret, just we three,
The robin, and I, and the sweet cherry tree;
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,
And nobody knows it but just we three.

But of course the robin knows it best,
Because he built the—I shan't tell the rest;
And laid the four little—somethings in it—
I am afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep,
I'll try my best the secret to keep;
Though I know when the little birds fly about,
Then the whole secret will be out.

A COMPARISON

I'd ruther lay out here among the trees,
With the singing birds and the bumblebees,
A-knowing that I can do as I please,
Than to live what folks call a life of ease
Up thar in the city.

For I don't 'xactly understan'
Where the comfort is for any man
In walkin' hot bricks and using a fan
And enjoying himself as he says he can
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, mebbe you'll say,
A-livin' out here day after day
In this kinder easy, careless way,
But an hour out here's better'n a day
Up thar in the city.

As for that, just look at the flowers aroun'
A-peepin' their heads up all over the groun'
And the fruit a-bendin' the trees way down;
You don't find sech things as these in town,
Or, ruther, in the city.

As I said afore, sech things as these—
The flowers, the birds, and the bumblebees
And a-livin' out here among the trees,
Where you can take your ease and do's you please—
Make it better'n the city.

Now, all the talk don't 'mount to snuff
'Bout this kinder life a-bein' rough,
And I'm sure it's plenty good enough,
And 'tween you and me, 'taint as tough
As livin' in the city.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Courtesy of Educational Publishing Co.

WHO TOLD THE NEWS?

Oh! the sunshine told the bluebird,
And the bluebird told the brook
That the dandelions were peeping
From the woodland's shady nook.

So the brook was gay and happy,
And it babbled all the way
As it ran to tell the river
Of the coming of the May.

Then the river told the meadow
And the meadow told the bee,
That the tender buds were swelling
On the old horse-chestnut tree.

And the bee shook off its torpor
And it spread each gauzy wing
As it flew to tell the flowers
Of the coming of the Spring.

THE VIOLETS

I know, blue, modest violets,
Gleaming with dew at morn,
I know the place where you came from
And the way that you were born.

When God cuts holes in heaven,
The holes the stars look through,
He lets the scraps fall down to earth—
The little scraps are you.

PINE NEEDLES

"If Mother Nature patches
The leaves of trees and vines,
I'm sure she does her darning
With needles of the pines!

"They are so long and slender;
And somewhere, in full view,
She has her thread of cobwebs,
And thimble made of dew!"

—Lucy Larcom.

GLIMPSE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

Courtesy of Northern State Normal.

"Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
I a light canoe will build me."

THE POPLAR TREE

One night, just at sunset, an old man found the pot of gold which lies under the end of the rainbow.

His home was far beyond the dark forest, through which he was passing.

The pot of gold was heavy, and he soon began to look for a safe place in which to hide it until morning.

A poplar tree stood near the path, stretching its branches straight out from the trunk.

That was the way the poplar trees grew in those days.

"Ah," said the man, "This tree is the very place in which to conceal my treasure."

"The trees are all asleep, I see, and these leaves are large and thick."

He carefully placed the pot of gold in the tree, and hurried home to tell of his good fortune.

Very early the next morning, Iris, the rainbow messenger, missed the precious pot of gold.

She hastened to Zeus and told him of the loss.

Zeus immediately sent Hermes in search of it.

Hermes soon came to the forest where it was hidden.

He awakened the trees, and asked them if they had seen the pot of gold.

They shook their heads sleepily, and murmured something which Hermes could not understand.

Then Zeus himself spoke to them. Hold up your arms high above your heads," he said, "that I may see that all are awake."

Up went the arms, but, alas, down to the ground came the pot of gold.

The poplar tree was more surprised than any one else.

He was a very honest tree and for a moment hung his head in grief and shame. Then again he stretched his arms high above his head, and said, "Forgive me, great father; hereafter I shall stand in this way that you may know that I hide nothing from the sun, my king."

At first the poplar tree was much laughed at.

He was often told that he looked like a great umbrella which a storm had turned inside out.

But as years went by every small poplar was taught to grow as fearless, straight and open-hearted as himself, and the whole poplar family became respected and loved for its uprightness and strength.

—Flora J. Cooke.

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They'll come again to the apple tree—
Robin and all the rest—
When the orchard branches are fair to see,
In the snow of blossoms dressed,
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

—Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

TWO SCHOOLS

I put my heart to school
In the world, where men grow wise.
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;
Come back when you win a prize."

My heart came back again.
"Now where is the prize?" I cried,
"The rule was false, and the prize was pain,
And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school
In the woods, where the veeries sing,
And brooks run cool and clear;
In the fields, where wild flowers spring,
And the blue of heaven bends near.
"Go out," I said, "you are half a fool,
And perhaps they can teach you here."

"And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where do you roam?"
The answer came with a laugh and a song,—
"I find this school is home."

—Henry van Dyke.

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies:—
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

—Tennyson.

TREE PLANTING

BY W. J. BEAL, PH. D., D. SC., PROFESSOR OF BOTANY AT MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE FOR FORTY YEARS.

One riding along country roads and through villages or the suburbs of a city and about the rural schoolhouses in most of Michigan is often impressed with the dreary outlook, owing to the absence of trees and shrubs; and if trees have been planted he is often impressed by the very meager number of kinds planted. Far too many persons seem to think there is nothing worth planting except sugar maples, and sugar maples go in almost everywhere, not infrequently double thick. They grow and crowd and become unsightly; the owner has not the nerve to remove every other one at the proper time. In planting trees for ornament, it is well to plant them thick to begin with and keep thinning out to permit those remaining to spread themselves and become things

of joy and beauty. Do not forget that a tree as long as it lives needs some attention nearly every year. Along the roadside now and then a thicket of shrubs and vines in time becomes very attractive. Again, to emphasize the height of the hills, plant the tallest growing kinds on the highest land and lower trees and shrubs in the hollows. Again, all tree lovers have been amazed at the mutilation of tree tops to make room for telegraph and telephone and electric-light wires. In such places plant large shrubs or low-topped trees that will remain short and not reach the wires. The ordinary untrained man sometimes mutilates trees savagely by removing much of the top, taking off large limbs, as seen some years ago on the campus of the state university and more recently along the streets of some of our cities.

This matter of planting trees is a many-sided topic and if well done demands much knowledge and skill. There is not space here for many of these rules.

It is a great gain of time to cultivate about trees, recently set, a space three feet or more each way from the tree. Why? To cut off the roots of the grasses which extend into such spaces and rob the trees. After a few years this thorough cultivation five to ten times in a year may be omitted. As intimated many foreign species are of little use in Michigan, but some of them are magnificent and cannot well be omitted. Scotch pines, Austrian pines and balsam fir lose their beauty usually in twenty years or less but we have nothing to excel the Norway spruce for certain purposes; the Norway maple is fully equal to the sugar maple and the black sugar maple.

About schoolhouses always plant only one or two trees of a kind that pupils may have many objects for study.

As students and admirers of nature, we are unable to name a single native tree or shrub that is not interesting and, in some important respects, beautiful and worthy of consideration in making a list for ornamental planting, especially on a large estate. For certain places each kind of "tree is just the thing." With a more extended knowledge of these trees, one is usually much less liable to be hampered by fashion. He will not make the same selections as his neighbors and will thereby exhibit more originality in his designs.

For shade trees along the roadside, or in the front yard, in country or city, among our deciduous-leaved trees, the sugar maple (including the black maple) is a general favorite and the one most extensively planted. It is a fashionable tree, producing a dense, clean top, much the shape of a well-built hay stack. Too many trees of this sort, however beautiful they may be, give a monotonous appearance to a yard or roadside.

The American elm, when well grown, is the queen of the deciduous-leaved trees of northern temperate regions, and is often planted. Our numerous species of oaks are too much neglected as ornamental trees, partially, perhaps, because they often hold their dead leaves during winter.

Among evergreens, for general planting, the white pine, arbor-vitae, hemlock, red cedar and Norway pine, can scarcely be equalled by any species in temperate climates. Well-grown hemlocks have been considered by competent judges to be the finest evergreens in cultivation, while, in many respects, the white pine cannot be excelled.

It should not be forgotten that a very large proportion of foreign trees and shrubs have not proved hardy, or, after a few years, in some respects fail and become unsightly. In this regard, if we try natives of our own region there is scarcely any risk.

Doubtless the time will come, when the officers of at least some of our rural highways will learn that it is next to vandalism to remove the last vestige of every shrub or small tree along the roadside. They often leave a tree here and there, but these are frequently damaged by the trimming. Groups or thickets of native shrubbery, including vines, untouched by ax or brush-hook, are a great source of delight to a well-trained person, as he views them while passing along the road. As a rule, at present, all bushes and shrubs are considered by the average pathmaster as entirely out of place and not to be tolerated in any well-regulated neighborhood. There never was a greater mistake, and the more we talk about it, the sooner we may look for much needed reforms.

"Many of the most attractive highways in the State owe their beauty to the shiftlessness of the pioneers, who allowed a mass of bushes to grow up in the corners of the old worm fences undisturbed for a generation; afterward to be utilized by more thrifty successors in the embellishment of the roadsides. No plantations formed by man are equal in beauty to these irregular masses of trees that are of Nature's planting.

"Occasionally I note an example of the workings of some man's mathematical mind, who has tried to clear out one of these rows, leaving a tree once in so many feet, and thus ruining the effect for all time."—*C. W. Garfield, in Garden and Forest, 1888, p. 149.*

"The Thorns and Dogwoods and Viburnums, the thickets of Elder and Hazel, the Bitter-sweet and Clematis and Moonseed climbing over all—the flora of the world has no more beautiful plants than these and a hundred more which spring up of themselves and flourish until some one with a zeal for 'trimming up' attacks them with grubbing-hoe and brush-hook. And when the vines are stripped from the fences, and the brush all cut, gathered, and burned, the roadsides are thoroughly cleared it is true, but a desolation of rocks and ashes is all that is left in exchange for the fragrance of flowers, the beauty and coolness of green leaves, and the melody of the birds among them.

"It is a comfort to note that road borders of native shrubs are being used more and more in the best park work. Every one of these shrubs would grace a palace garden, and yet when they modestly appear along a rural highway they are mowed down to 'improve the appearance' of the country."—*Garden and Forest, 1889, p. 337.*

For reasons which need not here be explained, the leaves of many of our native trees during autumn assume different colors from the usual green of spring and summer. In the autumn of some years, many trees are truly gorgeous, and become the admiration of everyone. To set off these autumn tints to best advantage, some evergreens or deciduous trees are needed which retain their green colors till late in the season.

In planting along the roadside, in parks, cemeteries, or near the home buildings, too little attention is usually given to the selection and arrangement of trees with reference to what pleasure they may afford in autumn. To render the subject more complex and the effects

more uncertain, trees of the same species do not all of them assume the same colors at the same time in autumn. Certain trees or parts of trees are more brilliant than others. Different leaves or branches, or different parts of the same leaves of some sumachs will be red, crimson, orange or yellow. The red maples may be orange or gold, crimson or scarlet—and many leaves may contain clear blotches of bright yellow, and scarlet splashed among the deep green. The soil and degree of moisture, the nature of the season, the age and thriftiness of a tree, all tend to modify its appearance.

To acquire hints as to what trees to set out, and how to arrange them for producing the best effect, one should note the colors assumed in autumn by our trees and shrubs, then like an artist, he can study all the complicated or simple combinations possible.

The favorite views in the case of woody plants will most likely be found along the edge of marshes, or, if viewed at a distance across an open field or a valley, as the trees rise on the hills beyond.

"The nurseryman who will propagate by grafting maples or oaks or elms, selected with reference to autumnal tints of their foliage, will open the way to more effective plantations than have yet been made in this country, and will reap the reward of his intelligence and enterprise. The field, so far as we know, is entirely a new one."—*Garden and Forest, 1888, p. 410.*

Aside from the deep green colors retained till the hard frosts of autumn by many thrifty specimens, most of our cone-bearing trees, known as evergreens, are the most certain to remain green. Some of these should be selected for autumn planting as a background or "setting" for the picture to be produced by trees of different colors.

A CHOICE LIST OF ORNAMENTAL TREES

That are believed to be iron clad and safe to plant almost anywhere in the southern peninsula. A large number have been omitted because they are not always hardy or for some other reason.

BROAD-LEAVED TREES.

Acer platanoides L. Norway Maple.
Acer rubrum L. Red Maple.
Acer saccharinum Wieri Schw. Wier's Cut-leaved Maple.
Acer Saccharum Marsh. Sugar Maple.
Betula alba laciniata pendula Hort. Cut-leaved Weeping Birch.
Betula papyrifera Marsh. Canoe Birch.
Cladrastris lutea (Michx.) Koch. Yellow Wood.
Cornus florida L. Flowering Dogwood.
Fagus Americana Sweet. Beech.
Fraxinus Americana L. White Ash.
Fraxinus lanceolata Borck. Green Ash.
Liriodendron Tulipifera L. Tulip Tree.
Magnolia acuminata L. Cucumber Tree.
Quercus alba L. White Oak.
Quercus coccinea Wang. Scarlet Oak.

Quercus imbricaria Michx. Shingle Oak.
Quercus palustris Muench. Pin Oak.
Quercus rubra L. Red Oak.
Salix vitellina pendula Hort. Weeping Willow.
Salix pentandra L. Laurel-leaved Willow.
Tilia Americana L. Basswood.
Ulmus Americana L. American Elm.

EVERGREEN TREES.

Juniperus Virginiana L. Red Cedar.
Picea Canadensis (Mill.) B. S. P. White Spruce.
Picea excelsa Link. Norway Spruce.
Picea orientalis Carr. Oriental Spruce.
Picea pungens Engelm. Colorado Blue Spruce.
Pinus Cembra L. Cembrian Pine.
Pinus resinosa Ait. Red or Norway Pine.
Pinus Strobus L. White Pine.
Pseudotsuga Douglasii Carr. Douglas' Spruce.
Thuya occidentalis L. Arbor Vitæ. White Cedar.
Tsuga Canadensis (L.) Carr. Hemlock.

FOR THE UPPER PENINSULA.—Trees.

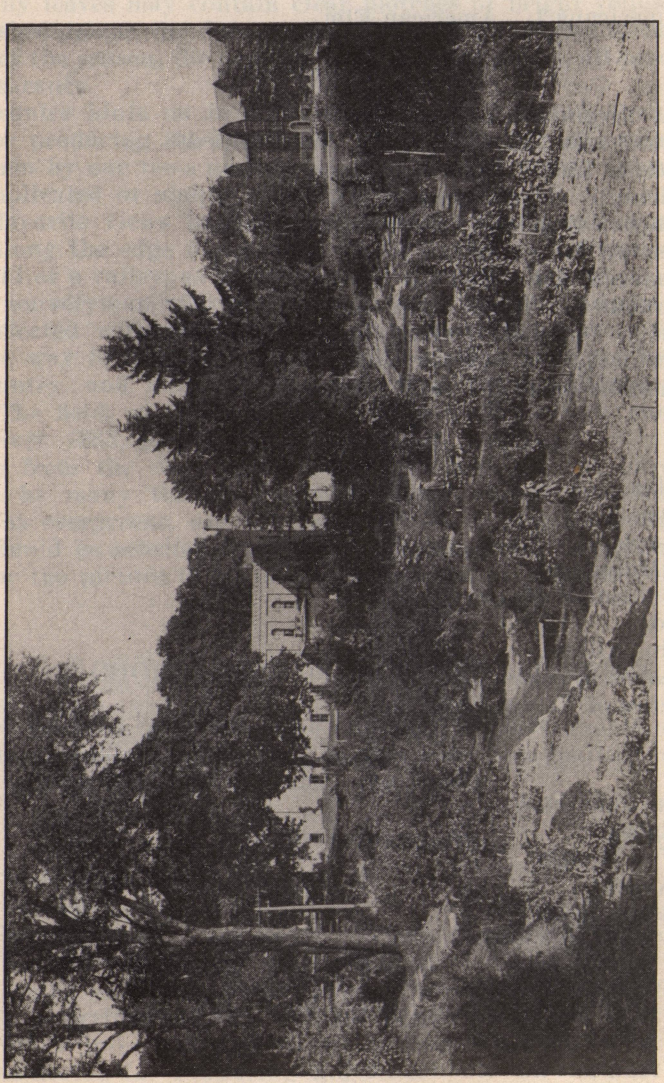
White Elm.
Soft Maple.
Sugar Maple.
Norway Maple.
Wier's Cut-leaved Maple.
Basswood.
Wisconsin Willow.
Laurel-leaved Willow.
All varieties of Evergreens.

Shrubs.

Tartarian Honeysuckle.
Rosa Rugosa.
Spirea Von Houtte.
Spirea Aurea.
Jacqueminot Rose.

"The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt, like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest.
In the nice ear of nature which song is the best?

—Lowell.



BOTANICAL GARDENS, M. A. C.
Courtesy of Michigan Agricultural College.

WHAT DO WE PLANT

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea,
We plant the masts to carry the sails,
We plant the plank to withstand the gales,
The keel, the keelson and beam and knee,
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.
What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me,
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floor,
We plant the studding, the laths, the door,
The beams and sidings, all parts that be,
We plant the house when we plant the tree.
What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see,
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free,
We plant all these when we plant the tree."

—Henry Abbey.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE PLANTING OF TREES AND SHRUBS

by Charles P. Halligan, Assistant Professor of Horticulture, M. A. C.

Trees and shrubs should be planted in early spring as soon as the soil is dry enough to work. They should never be planted when the soil is wet nor when the soil is very dry.

In the transplanting of trees the hole should be dug to such a depth and size that the roots of the plants may be allowed to grow out in their natural directions without the necessity of crowding, bending or pruning the roots. It is hardly advisable to dig the hole for any considerable time before planting as freshly turned soil is more desirable. One must be careful in digging to keep the top soil in one pile and the sub-soil in a separate one.

In the handling of plants during transplanting, the roots should be kept moist and protected from the sun and winds. This drying of the roots by exposure to sun and winds is a frequent cause of failure in transplanting. Keep the roots of plants covered with soil or in a pail of water until ready for planting.

Trees and shrubs should be planted a little deeper than they had formerly been in the nursery or fields. After the soil has been well settled around the plants, this will make them at about the same depth as before. Unless the soil is apt to be poorly drained, there is generally more of a tendency to plant too shallow than too deep. The plant should be placed in the center of the hole with the roots well spread and some of the finest of the top soil may then be shoveled in and packed firmly around the roots and under the crown of the plant. If the soil is not too wet, there is little danger of packing it too tight as this drives out all

the air spaces from around the roots, bringing the soil in direct contact with them. This insures plenty of moisture for the roots by the capillary action of the soil. More top soil may then be shoveled in and firmly packed until the hole is well filled. The sub-soil may be used if necessary on top and the last few inches may be left loose to act as a soil mulch and thus prevent the escape of the soil moisture.

Commercial fertilizers or barnyard manure should never be so used as to come in direct contact with the roots. If commercial fertilizer is to be used, it is better to spread it on top and rake it in only to a depth of an inch or two. Barnyard manure may be spread on top and this will also act as a soil mulch. It should never, however, be used in the bottom of the hole or around the roots.

When the soil is very dry at the time of planting, the trees may be watered by applying after the planting is finished. If watered before the hole is filled with soil, it will be too wet to permit of further handling. After planting, the soil around the trees should be kept well mulched by cultivating the same at least every two weeks during the growing season or by covering with a heavy coat of straw.

THREE TREES

The pine tree grew in the wood,
  Tapering, straight, and high;
Stately and proud it stood,
  Black-green against the sky.
Crowded so close, it sought the blue,
And ever upward it reached and grew.

The oak tree stood in the field,
  Beneath it dozed the herds;
It gave to the mower a shield,
  It gave a home to the birds.
Sturdy and broad, it guarded the farms,
With its brawny trunk and knotted arms.

The apple tree grew by the wall,
  Ugly and crooked and black;
But it knew the gardener's call,
  And the children rode on its back.
It scattered its blossoms up on the air,
It covered the ground with fruitage fair.

"Now, hey," said the pine, "for the wood!
  Come live with the forest band.
Our comrades will do you good,
  And tall and straight you will stand."
And he swung his boughs to a witching sound,
And flung his cones like coins around.

"Oho!" laughed the sturdy oak;
"The life of the field for me.
I weather the lightning stroke;
My branches are broad and free.
Grow straight and slim in the wood if you will,
Give me the sun and a wind-swept hill."

And the apple tree murmured low:
"I am neither straight nor strong;
Crooked my back doth grow
With bearing my burdens long."
And it dropped its fruit, as it dropped a tear,
And reddened the ground with fragrant cheer.

And the Lord of the Harvest heard.
And he said: "I have use for all;
For the bough that shelters a bird,
For the beam that pillars a hall;
And grow they tall, or grow they ill,
They grow but to wait their master's will."

So a ship of oak was sent,
Far over the ocean blue;
And the pine was the mast that bent,
As over the waves it flew;
And the ruddy fruit of the apple tree
Was borne to a starving isle of the sea.

—Selected.

CLOVER-TOP AND THISTLE-DOWN

Clover-top sighed when the wind sang sweet,
Dropping the thistle-down at her feet;
"Oh, dear me, never a day
Can I roam at my will, but ever, alway,
In this tiresome meadow must ever stay!"

Thistle-down floated, then sunk to rest,
Only to rise at the breezes' behest,
Hither and yon on the wings of the air,
Tired little sprite, so dainty and fair,
"Oh, just to stop," she sighed, "anywhere."

Honey-bees swarmed to the thistle and clover,
Sweet little toiling ones, over and over
A work-a-day song they cheerily sing:
"Look up, dear hearts, and what the days bring,
Bless God for it all—yes—everything!"

Eugene Field, Oct. 16, 1881.

AN ARBOR DAY TREE

Dear little tree that we plant today,
What will you be when we're old and gray?
"The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,
For robin and wren an apartment house,
The dressing room of the butterfly's ball,
The locust and katydid's concert hall.
The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June,
The schoolgirl's tent in the July noon.
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily
A tale of the children who planted me."

—Youth's Companion.

Courtesy of Educational Publishing Co.

Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, "Here is a story-book
Thy Father hath written for thee."

"Come wander with me," she said,
"Into regions still untrod,
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

BIRD TRADES

The swallow is a mason,
And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest and plasters it
With mud and hay and leaves.

The woodpecker is hard at work;
A carpenter is he;
And you may find him hammering
His house high up a tree.

The bullfinch knows and practices
The basket-maker's trade;
See what a cradle for his young
The little thing has made.

Of all the weavers that I know,
The oriole is the best:
High on the apple tree he weaves
A cozy little nest.

The goldfinch is a fuller;
A skillful workman he!
Of wool and threads he makes a nest
That you would like to see.

Some little birds are miners;
Some build upon the ground;
And busy little tailors, too,
Among the birds are found.

The cuckoo laughs to see them work;
"Not so," he says, "we do,
My wife and I take other's nests,
And live at ease—cuckoo!"

—Anna B. Thomas.

THE ECHO IN THE HEART

It's little I can tell
About the birds in books;
And yet I know them well,
By their music and their looks.
When May comes down the lane,
Her airy lovers throng
To welcome her with song,
And follow in her train;
Each minstrel weaves his part
In that wild-flowery strain,
And I know them all again
By their echo in my heart.

—Henry van Dyke.

WHITE PINE—THIRTEEN YEARS GROWTH FROM SEEDLINGS.

Courtesy of Michigan Agricultural College.

"There is no unbelief; Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod—He trusts in God."

TWO SHADE-TREE PESTS

BY R. H. PETTIT, PROFESSOR OF ENTOMOLOGY AT MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Now that the newspapers and magazines are attracting so much attention to the improvement of our home surroundings, and to the care of the trees in our streets, we find that interest is being awakened in the insect pests which ordinarily keep trees and shrubs from appearing at their best. Of all the shade-tree pests in Michigan at the present time, the web-worm easily takes first place, as a conspicuous and destructive nuisance. The large, loose webs or nests which it makes in almost any shade or fruit tree worth growing, gives a neglected, untidy note to the landscape no matter how carefully the trees may have been trimmed or how much labor and paint may have been expended on the surroundings. The large webs or nests are the common loosely built cobwebby affairs which are called "worms' nests," and which are to be found in shrubbery, or more often up high in the tops of elms, maples, cherry trees, black-walnuts, or in fact in most of the fruit or shade-trees. They appear for the most part in July or August and when torn open at that time may expose a lot of small caterpillars about an inch long and covered with fuzzy grey hairs.

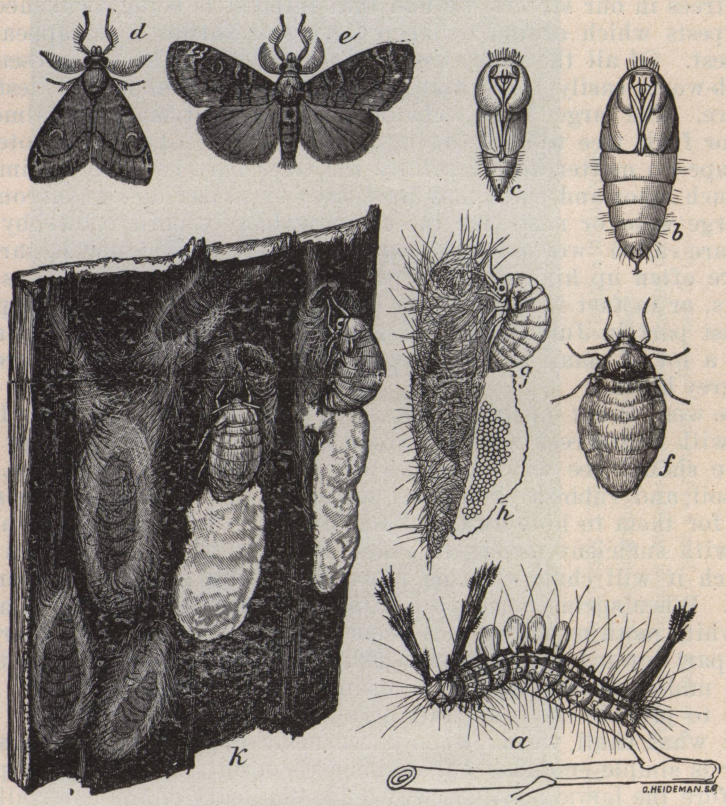
If we were to cut out one of these nests and place it in a large box prepared with wire screen where it would be well ventilated and kept not too dry, we should see what becomes of the caterpillars or larvae. Some loose soil and rubbish should be placed in the box to provide suitable places for them to hide away. Each little larva, if full grown and supplied with sufficient moisture, will hide away and spin a silken cocoon in which it will change to the pupal form, and await the coming of spring. When spring comes, the little pupa will burst open and a dainty snow-white moth or miller will come out, dry its wings and be ready to do its part toward founding new nests. The eggs are laid close together on the under surface of leaves, a single moth laying a large enough cluster to provide the occupants of a single nest.

Now what shall we do when these nests appear on our trees? The answer is simple enough,—cut or burn them out, when small if possible, but before the larvæ leave anyway. The majority of the caterpillars live in the nests and while a few wander about, almost all of them will be destroyed if the nests are cut out and burned. If the nests cannot be reached with a saw or shears, or with a pruning pole, then wire a bunch of rags to the top of a long slender sapling or pole of some sort, saturate the rags with kerosene and burn the nests. A quick fire will do far less damage to the tree than the "worms."

Now a number of such insects build nests in trees. One does it early in the spring in fruit trees. It is known as the apple-tree tent-caterpillar. Another, the ugly-nest tortricid, pupates in the nest; that is, it passes the cocoon stage in the nest. The nest of the fall web-worm and all the rest of these native nests are empty in the winter; they are all more or less loosely built and contain *no living caterpillars during the winter.*

Now it happens that there is, in the eastern states, a moth, called the

brown-tail moth, which was brought over here from Europe in some unknown manner and which is doing very serious damage wherever it goes. It looks something like our fall web-worm, but the nests are smaller and tightly woven, almost like felt in fact, and cut up into compartments. The nests of the brown-tail contain small, living caterpillars in winter. This pest may appear in our state at some future time and if it does, we want to know about it before it gets a start if possible.



TUSSOCK MOTH.

Courtesy of Prof. Pettit, M. A. C.

Now if all the schoolboys and schoolgirls will keep their eyes open for the first web or nest containing live caterpillars in winter time, and if one is found, send it to us tightly done up in a tight tin box well wrapped with paper, they may do a service to the state and to the people, which will be of great value. We sincerely hope that if the brown-tail ever does appear here, it may be many years hence.

Another caterpillar which is making itself noticed is the tussock-moth. This creature is really very pretty, being ornamented by four brushes of cream-colored hairs on the back and two long bunches of black hairs which project over the head and one which extends backward over the tail. The body is highly colored, yellow, black and red predominating.

Beside the injury done to trees and shrubs, this creature possesses barbed hairs which cause irritation when they fall on the skin.

Now it often happens that the tussock-moth and the fall web-worm work on the same trees or at least near each other, and much confusion in the understanding of their habits is the result. The two insects have no connection except that they sometimes work in the same trees. The tussock-moth, when full grown, spins a cocoon in fairly open or sometimes conspicuous places,—under the limbs of trees, on fences, on the sides of houses, especially under window-ledges and in shrubbery, rubbish, etc. In early autumn, the adults come forth, the males pretty, greyish-brown moths or millers, and the females wingless. The females are curious looking creatures appearing like ordinary millers, except that they lack the wings. The female is a degraded creature in one sense and does not wander at all, but lays her eggs right on the cocoon out of which she has come. These eggs are white and are laid in a frothy mass something like dry frosting, which is very crumbly or friable when dry. The eggs look like seeds in this crumbly mass.

The most effective way to control the tussock-moth in towns, is to hand pick the cocoons and burn them *before the eggs hatch* which latter occurs quite early in the spring.

In places where much fruit is grown and where some one has a good spray-pump and outfit which will reach up into shade-trees, it will be desirable to spray the trees with arsenate of lead just as fruit trees are sprayed. As tussock-moths work in fruit trees also, it will help the orchards if the shade-trees are protected, since this will help keep the worms down somewhat.

In some cities where the writer has been, it has been found that nothing succeeds like getting the schoolboys and girls interested in gathering the cocoons with the eggs and burning them. Many a quart of these cocoons have been spied out by the sharp eyes of active boys and girls.

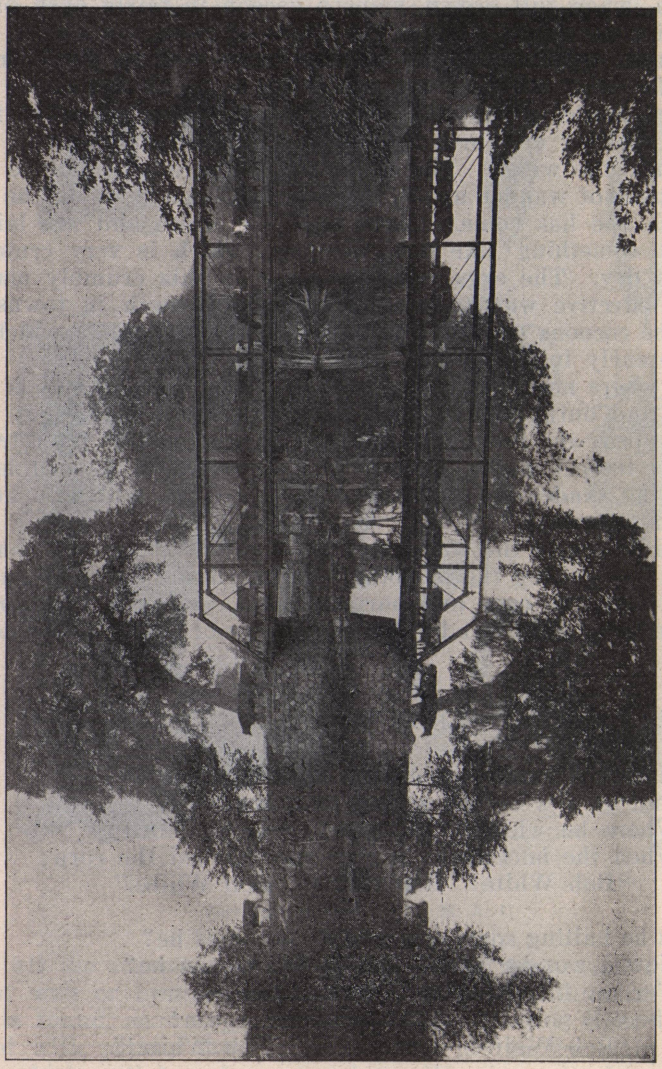
BOB WHITE

There's a plump little chap in a speckled coat,
And he sits on the zigzag rails remote,
Where he whistles at breezy, bracing morn
When the buckwheat is ripe and stacked the corn;
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Is he hailing some comrade as blithe as he?
Now I wonder where Robert White can be?
O'er the billows of gold and amber grain
There is no one in sight; but hark again!
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

Ah! I see why he calls; in the stubble there
Hide his plump little wife and babies fair!
So contented is he, and so proud of the same,
That he wants all the world to know his name:
"Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!"

—Henry T. Coates.



THE LANE BRIDGE, M. A. C.
Courtesy of Michigan Agricultural College.

WHEN THE GREEN GITS BACK IN THE TREES

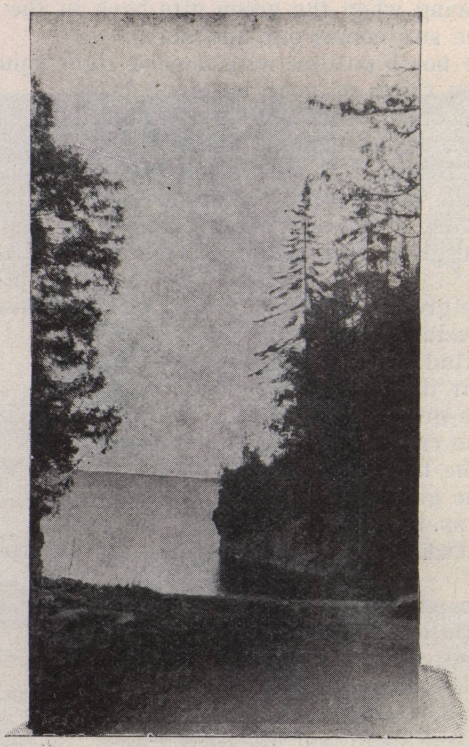
In the spring when the green gits back in the trees,
  And the sun comes out and stays,
And your boots pull on with a good tight squeeze,
  And you think of your barefoot days;
When you ort to work and you want to not,
  And you and your wife agrees
It's time to spade up the garden lot—
  When the green gits back on the trees.
  Well, work is the least of my idees
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.

When the green gits back in the trees, and bees
  Is a-buzzin' aroun' agin,
In that kind of a "Lazy-go-as-you-please"
  Old gait they hum roun' in;
When the ground's all bald where the hayrick stood
  And the crick's riz, and the breeze
Coaxes the bloom in the old dogwood,
  And the green gits back in the trees—
  I like, as I say, in such scenes as these,
The time when the green gits back in the trees.

When the whole tail feathers o' winter time
  Is all pulled out and gone,
And the sap it thaws and begins to climb,
  And the sweat it starts out on
A feller's forrerd, a-gittin' down
  At the old spring on his knees—
I kind o' like, jes' a loaferin' roun'
  When the green gits back in the trees—
  Jes' a-potterin' roun' as I-durn-please,
When the green, you know, gits back in the trees.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Courtesy of Educational Publishing Co.



VIEW OF PRESQUE ISLE

Courtesy of Northern State Normal.

"To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart,
Go forth unto the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings.

—From Thanatopsis by William Cullen Bryant.

THE SONG SPARROW

There is a bird I know so well,
It seems as if he must have sung
Beside my crib when I was young;
Before I knew the way to spell
The name of even the smallest bird,
His gentle, joyful song I heard.
Now see if you can tell, my dear,
What bird it is, that every year,
Sings "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer."

He comes in March, when winds are strong,
And snow returns to hide the earth;
But still he warms his head with mirth,
And waits for May. He lingers long
While flowers fade, and every day
Repeats his sweet, contented lay;
As if to say we need not fear
The season's change, if love is here,
With "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer."

He does not wear a Joseph's coat
Of many colors, smart and gay;
His suit is Quaker brown and gray,
With darker patches at his throat.
And yet of all the well-dressed throng,
Not one can sing so brave a song.
It makes the pride of looks appear
A vain and foolish thing to hear
His "Sweet-sweet-sweet-very merry cheer."

—Henry van Dyke.

From "the Builders and Other Poems." Copyright, 1897, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

AN ARBOR DAY TREE

Dear little tree that we plant today,
What will you be when we're old and gray?
"The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,
For robin and wren an apartment house,
The dressing room of the butterfly's ball,
The locust's and the katydid's concert hall,
The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June
The schoolgirl's tent in the July noon,
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily
A tale of the children who planted me."

—Youth's Companion.

THE ANGLER'S REVEILLE

What time the rose of dawn is laid across the lips of night,
And all the drowsy little stars have fallen asleep in light;
'Tis then a wandering wind awakes, and runs from tree to tree,
And borrows words from all the birds to sound the reveille.

This is the carol the Robin throws
Over the edge of the valley;
Listen how boldly it flows,
Sally on sally:

Tirra-lirra,
Down the river,
Laughing water
All a-quiver.
Day is near,
Clear, clear.
Fish are breaking,
Time for waking.
Tup, tup, tup!
Do you hear?
All clear—
Wake up!

The phantom flood of dreams has ebbed and vanished with the dark,
And like a dove the heart forsakes the prison of the ark;
Now forth she fares through friendly woods and diamond-fields of dew,
While every voice cries out "Rejoice!" as if the world were new.

This is the ballad the Bluebird sings,
Unto his mate replying,
Shaking the tune from his wings
While he is flying:

Surely, surely, surely,
Life is dear
Even here.
Blue above,
You to love,
Purely, purely, purely.

There's wild azalea on the hill, and roses down the dell,
And just one spray of lilac still abloom beside the well;
The columbine adorns the rocks, the laurel buds grow pink,
Along the stream white arums gleam, and violets bend to drink.

This is the song of the Yellowthroat,
Fluttering gaily beside you;
Hear how each voluble note
Offers to guide you:

Which way, sir?
I say, sir,
Let me teach you,
I beseech you!
Are you wishing
Jolly fishing?
This way, sir!
I'll teach you.

Then come, my friend, forget your foes, and leave your fears behind,
And wander forth to try your luck, with cheerful, quiet mind;
For be your fortune great or small, you'll take what God may give,
And all the day your heart shall say, "'Tis luck enough to live."

This is the song the Brown Thrush flings,
Out of his thicket of roses;
Hark how it warbles and rings,
Mark how it closes:

Luck, luck,
What luck?
Good enough for me!
I'm alive, you see.
Sun shining,
No repining;
Never borrow
Idle sorrow;
Drop it!
Cover it up!
Hold your cup!
Joy will fill it,
Don't spill it,
Steady, be ready,
Good luck!

—Henry van Dyke.

From the Toiling of Felix. Copyright, 1900, by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power,
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree is more than all.
For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth,
Who toils to leave as his bequest,
An added beauty to the earth.

—Whittier.

HOW THE WOODPECKER KNOWS

How does he know where to dig his hole,
The woodpecker there on the elm-tree bole?
How does he know what kind of a limb
To use for a drum, and to burrow in?
How does he find where the young grubs grow? -
I'd like to know?

The woodpecker flew to a maple limb,
And drummed a tattoo that was fun for him,
"No breakfast here! It's too hard for that,"
He said, as down on his tail he sat,
"Just listen to this: rrrr rat-tat-tat."

Away to the pear tree, out of sight,
With the cheery call and a jumping flight,
He hopped around till he found a stub,
"Ah, here's the place to look for a grub.
'Tis moist and dead—rrrr rub-dub-dub."

To a branch of the apple, Downy hied,
And hung by his toes to the under side,
"'Twill be sunny here in this hollow trunk;
Its dry and soft, with a heart of punk.
Just the place for a nest—rrrr runk-tunk-tunk."

"I see," said the boy. "Just a tap or two,
Then listen as any bright boy might do;
You can tell ripe melons and garden stuff
In the very same way—its easy enough."

—William J. Long.

CHILD'S SONG IN SPRING

The silver birch is a dainty lady,
  She wears a satin gown;
The elm tree makes the old churchyard shady,
  She will not live in town.

The English oak is a sturdy fellow,
  He gets his green coat late;
The willow is smart in a suit of yellow
  While brown the beech trees wait.

Such a gay green gown as God gives the larches—
  As green as He is good!
The hazels hold up their arms for arches
  When spring rides through the wood.

—E. Nesbit.

SCENE ON THE CEDAR.
Courtesy of Michigan Agricultural College.

HISTORIC TREES

The grand magnolia tree, near Charleston, S. C., under which General Lincoln held council of war previous to surrendering the city.

The great pecan tree at Villere's plantation, near New Oleans under which a portion of the remains of General Packenham was buried.

The Tory tulip tree on King's Mountain battlefield in South Carolina on which ten blood-thirsty tories were hanged at one time.

The tall pine tree at Ft. Edward, N. Y., under which the beautiful Jane McCrea was slain.

The magnificent black walnut tree, near Haverstraw on the Hudson, at which General Wayne mustered his forces at midnight, preparatory to his gallant and successful attack on Stony Point.

The lofty cypress tree in the dismal swamp under which Washington reposed one night in his young manhood.

The huge French apple tree, near Ft. Wayne, Ind., where Little Turtle, the great Miami chief, gathered his warriors.

The widespreading oak tree of Flushing, Long Island, under which George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, preached.

The pear trees planted, respectively, by Governor Endicott, of Massachusetts, and Governor Stuyvesant, of New York, two hundred years ago.

The Freedman's oak, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia, under which the slaves of this region first heard read President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation.

The Elliot oak tree of Newton, Mass., under which the apostle John Elliot taught the Indians christianity.

The ash and tulip trees planted at Mount Vernon by Washington.

The elm tree planted by General Grant on the capitol grounds at Washington.

The treaty elm tree at Philadelphia under which William Penn made his famous treaty with nineteen tribes of barbarians.

The charter oak at Hartford which preserved the written guarantee of the liberties of the colony of Connecticut.

The old liberty elm of Boston, planted and dedicated by a schoolmaster to the independence of the colonies, and the rallying points for patriots before, during and after the Revolutionary War.

The Burgoyne elm at Albany, N. Y., planted the day Burgoyne was brought there a prisoner.

The elm tree at Cambridge, in the shade of which Washington first took command of the Continental Army, on a hot summer's day.

The Carey tree, planted by Alice and Phœbe Carey in 1832, a large and beautiful sycamore, seen from the Hamilton turnpike, between College Hill and Mt. Pleasant, Hamilton county, Ohio.

The baobab trees of Cape Verde Islands.

The giant trees of California. The Washington tree. "The Miner's Cabin."

The great chestnut tree of Mt. Etna.

The cedars of Mount Lebanon.

The banyan trees of India. One in Ceylon so large as to cast a shadow over four acres of ground.

The walnut tree of Balaklava, twelve hundred years old, yields an enormous amount of nuts every year.
The linden tree of Neustadt.
Shakespeare's mulberry tree.
Perry's Willow on the shore of Lake Erie.
The Hamilton trees of New York.
The apple tree of Appomattox.
The tree from Napoleon's grave.
Logan's elm.

NATURE LOVER'S CREED

I believe in nature, and in God's out-of-doors.

I believe in pure air, fresh water, and abundant sunlight.

I believe in the mountains, and as I lift up mine eyes to behold them, I receive help and strength.

I believe that below their snowy crowns their mantles should be ever green.

I believe in forests where the sick may be healed and the weary strengthened; where the aged may renew their youth, and the young gather stores of wisdom which shall abide with them forever.

I believe that the groves were God's first temples, and that here all hearts should be glad, and no evil thought come to mar the peace; I believe that all who seek shelter within these aisles should guard the noble heritage from harm, and the fire fiend never be allowed to roam unwatched.

I believe in the highland springs and lakes, and would have noble trees stand guard around them; upon the mountain sides I would spread a thick carpet of leaves and moss through which the water might find its way into the valleys and onward to the ocean.

I believe in the giant trees which have stood for thousands of years, and pray that no harm shall come nigh them.

I believe in the ax of the trained woodsman, and would have it hew down the mature trees of today, that we may secure lumber for our needs, and the trees of smaller growth have more light, and air, and space.

I believe in the seeds of the trees, and would gather and plant them, and I would care for the seedlings until they are ready to stand with their brothers in the forest and plains; then the wilderness and the dry land shall be glad and the desert shall rejoice.

I believe in protecting the birds and the animals that live amidst the trees, and the ferns and mosses and blossoming plants.

I believe in all the beautiful things of nature and would preserve, protect, and cherish them.

The above is from the General Federation of Women's Clubs Forestry Committee, in the "Journal of Education."

SUBJECTS FOR ARBOR DAY CONSIDERATION

Famous trees.
Legends about trees.
History of Arbor Day.
How to make Arbor Day most useful.
Improvement of school grounds.
How to plant trees.
The best trees to plant.
The best trees and shrubs for home lawns.
The most useful trees.
Varieties of trees on Michigan farms and in forests.
How to care for trees.
The world's greatest forests.
Historic trees.
The relation of trees to birds.
Why we should encourage tree planting.
Birds as insect destroyers.
How to make a bird home.
Nesting boxes.
Bird legends.
Flower legends.
The wild flowers of our districts.

STATE FLOWERS

The following are "State Flowers," as adopted in most instances by the vote of the public school pupils of the respective states:

Alabama—Golden Rod.
Arkansas—Apple Blossom.
California—*Eschscholtzia.
Colorado—Columbine.
Delaware—Peach Blossom.
Idaho—Syringa.
Illinois—Rose.
Indiana—Corn.
Iowa—Wild Rose
Kansas—*Sunflower.
Kentucky—Golden Rod.
Louisiana—Magnolia.
Maine—Pine Cone and Tassel.
Maryland—Golden Rod.
Michigan—Apple Blossom.
Minnesota—Moccasin.
Mississippi—Magnolia.
Missouri—Golden Rod.
Montana—Bitter Root.
Nebraska—Golden Rod.
New York—Rose.
North Dakota—Wild Rose.
Ohio—Scarlet Carnation.

Oklahoma—Mistletoe.
Oregon—Oregon Grape.
Pennsylvania—Golden Rod.
Rhode Island—Violet.
South Dakota—Pasque.
Texas—Blue Bonnet.
Utah—Sego Lily.
Vermont—Red Clover.
Washington—Rhododendron.
West Virginia—Rhododendron.
Wisconsin—Violet.

*Adopted by state legislature, not by public school pupils.

In other states the pupils or state legislatures have not yet taken action.

In England the primrose is worn on the birthday of Lord Beaconsfield. On the anniversary of Parnell's death his followers wear a sprig of ivy. The Jacobites wear white roses on June 10. In France the Orleanists wear white daisies and the Bonapartists the violet.

PLANT A TREE

He who plants a tree
Plants hope.
Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free,
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
Plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease,
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly,
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessed tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree
Plants love;
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers, he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant; life does the rest.
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

—Lucy Larcom.

BELOW THE DAM—RED CEDAR.
Courtesy of Michigan Agricultural College.

IT IS NOT RAINING RAIN TO ME

It is not raining rain to me,
    It is raining daffodils;
In every dimpled drop I see
    Wild flowers on distant hills.
The clouds of gray engulf the day
    And overwhelm the town;
It is not raining rain to me,
    It is raining roses down.

It is not raining rain to me,
    But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
    May find a bed and room.
A health unto the happy!
    A fig for him who frets!
It is not raining rain to me,
    It is raining violets.

—Robert Loveman.

THOUGHTS FER THE DISCOURAGED FARMER

The summer winds is sniffin' round the bloomin' locus' trees;
And the clover in the pastur' is a big day fer the bees,
And they been a-swiggin' honey above board and on the sly,
Till they stutter in their buzzin', and stagger as they fly.
The flicker on the fence rail 'pears to jest spit on his wings
And roll up his feathers, by the sassy way he sings;
And the hoss-fly is a-whettin'-up his forelegs fer biz,
And the off-mare is a-switchin' all of her tale they is!

They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out today,
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared away,
And the woods is all the greener, and the grass is greener still,
It may rain again tomorry, but I don't think it will.
Some says the crops is ruined, and the corn's drownded out,
And propha-sy the wheat will be a failure, without doubt;
But the kind Providence that has never failed us yet,
Will be on hands onc't more at the 'leventh hour, I bet!

Does the medder-lark complain, as he swims high and dry
Through the waves of the wind and the blue of the sky?
Does the quail set up and whistle in a disappointed way,
Er hang his head in silence, and sorrow all the day?
Is the chipmunk's health a-failin? Does he walk or does he run?
Don't the buzzards ooze around up thare jest like they've allurs done?
Is they anything the matter with the rooster's lungs er voice?
Ort a mortal be complainin' when dumb animals rejoice?

Then let us, one and all, be contented with our lot;
The June is here this morning, and the sun is shinin' hot.
Oh! let us fill our hearts up with the glory of the day,
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow far away!
Whatever be our station, with Providence fer guide,
Such fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied;
For the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips fer me and you.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

O, big round world, O, wide, wide world,
How wonderful you are.
Your oceans are so very deep,
Your hills reach up so far;
Down through your valleys wide and green,
Such mighty rivers flow;
Upon your great sky-reaching hills,
Such giant forests grow.

—Alice C. D. Riley.

John Church Company.

SPRING TIME

"When I shake my flowing ringlets,"
Said the young man, softly laughing,
"Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes
Come the wild goose and the heron,
Homeward shoots the arrowy swallow,
Sing the bluebird and the robin,
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadows wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliage!"

Then the old man's tongue was speechless
And the air grew warm and pleasant,
And upon the wigwam sweetly
Sang the bluebird and the robin,
And the stream began to murmur,
And the scent of growing grasses
Through the lodge was gently wafted.

Came the spring with all its splendor,
All its birds and all its blossoms,
All its flowers and leaves and grasses.

From Hiawatha by Longfellow.

WHAT THE ROBIN TOLD

How do the robins build their nests?
Robin redbreast told me.
First a wisp of amber hay
In a pretty round they lay;
Then some shreds of downy floss
Feathers too, and bits of moss,
Woven with a sweet, sweet song,
This way, that way, and across;
That's what Robin told me.

Where do the robins hide their nests?
Robin Redbreast told me.
Up among the leaves so deep,
Where the sunbeams rarely creep,
Long before the winds are cold,
Long before the leaves are gold,
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see
Baby Robins—one, two, three:
That's what Robin told me.

—George Cooper.

PUSSY WILLOW

In her dress of silver gray
Comes the Pussy Willow gay—
Like a little Eskimo,
Clad in fur from tip to toe.
Underneath her, in the river,
Flows the water with a shiver,
Downward sweeping from the hill,
North Wind whistles loud and shrill.

Birds are loth to wing their flight,
To a land in such a plight.
Not another flower is found
Peeping from the bark or ground.
Only Mother Willow knows
How to make such suits as those;
How to fashion them with skill,
How to guard against the chill.

Did she live once, long ago,
In the land of ice and snow?
Was it first by polar seas
That she made such coats as these?
Who can tell?—We only know
Where our Pussy Willows grow.
Fuzzy little friends that bring
Promise of the coming spring.

—Elizabeth E. Foulke.

TELLTALES

Pussy willow had a secret that the snowdrops whispered her,
And she purred it to the south wind while it stroked her velvet fur;
And the south wind hummed it softly to the busy honey bees,
And they buzzed it to the blossoms on the scarlet maple trees;
And these dropped it to the wood brooks brimming full of melted snow,
And the brooks told Robin Redbreast as they chattered to and fro;
Little Robin could not keep it, so he sang it loud and clear
To the sleepy fields and meadows, "Wake up! Cheer up! Spring is here!"

—Youth's Companion.

THE HUMMING BIRD

A flash of harmless lightning,
A mist of rainbow dyes,
The burnished sunbeams brightening,
From flower to flower he flies.

—John Bannister Tabb.

THE BOY'S PROTEST

When a fellow knows every bird's nest
In the fields for miles around,
Where the squirrels play in the sunshine,
Where the prettiest flowers are found;
When he knows a pair of robins
That will fly to his hands for crumbs,
He hates to be penned in a schoolroom,
And he's glad when Saturday comes.
There's a bee-tree on the hillside,
But I'll not tell anyone where;
There's a school of trout in the mill-stream,
And I want to go fishing there.
I know where an oriole's building,
And a log where a partridge drums,
And I'm going to the woods to see them,
As soon as Saturday comes.
They shouldn't keep school in the springtime,
When the world is so fresh and bright,
When you want to be fishing and climbing,
And playing from morn till night.
It's a shame to be kept in a schoolroom,
Writing and working out sums;
All week it's like being in prison,
And I'm glad when Saturday comes.

—New York Independent.

"WHIP-POOR-WILL"

Now all the twilight range seemed still,
The night air settled soft and sweet;
When forth it burst—clear, slow, complete,
The evening call of "Whip-poor-will!"
Then suddenly, across the hill,—
Long, low, and sweet, with dreamy fall
Yet true and mellow, call for call,
Elate, and with a human thrill,—
Came the far answer: "Whip-poor-will!"

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

THE FIRST SWALLOW

The welcome guest of settled spring,
The swallow, too, is come at last;
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hail'd her as she passed.

—C. Smith.

THE BLUE JAY

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of the lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your vest?
Tell me, I pray you,—tell me true!

Did you dip your wings in azure dye,
When April began to paint the sky,
That was pale with the winter's stay?
Or were you hatched from a blue ball bright,
'Neath the warm, gold breast of a sunbeam light,
By the river one blue spring day?

O Blue Jay in the maple tree,
A-tossing your saucy head at me,
With ne'er a word for my questioning,
Pray cease for a moment your "ting-a-link,"
And hear when I tell you what I think,
You bonniest bit of the spring.

I think when the fairies made the flowers,
To grow in these mossy fields of ours,
Periwinkles and violets rare,
There was left of the spring's own color, blue,
Plenty to fashion a flower whose juice
Would be richer than all and as fair.

So putting their wits together, they
Made one great blossom so bright and gay,
The lily beside it seemed blurred;
And then they said, "We will toss it in the air;
So many blue blossoms grow everywhere,
Let this pretty one be a bird!

—Susan Hartley Sweet.

THE BLUEBIRD

Winged lute that we call a bluebird, you blend in a silver strain
The sound of the laughing water, the patter of spring's sweet rain,
The voice of the winds, the sunshine, the fragrance of blossoming things,
Oh, you are an April poem, that God has dowered with wings.

—E. E. Rexford.

THE CATBIRD

He sits on a branch of yon blossoming tree,
  This mad-cap cousin of Robin and Thrush,
And sings without ceasing the whole morning long;
  Now wild, now tender, the wayward song
That flows from his soft, gray, fluttering throat;
  But oft he stops in his sweetest note,
And shaking a flower from the blossoming bough,
  Drawls out: "Mi-eu, mi-ow!"

—Edith M. Thomas.

MY NEIGHBOR

I have a new neighbor just over the way,
She was moving in on the first of May.
When she took in her household goods, I saw
They were nothing but rubbish and sticks and straw;
But when I made her a call just now
I found she had furnished her house somehow
All trim and tidy and nice and neat,
The prettiest cottage in all the street.
Of thistledown silk was her carpet fine,
A thousand times better and softer than mine;
Her curtains, to shut out the heat and light,
Were woven of blossoms pink and white,
And the dainty roof of her tiny home
Was a broad green leaf like an emerald dome.
'Tis the coziest nook that you ever did see,
Mrs. Yellowbird's house in the apple tree.

—Persis Gardiner.

THE LITTLE BROWN WREN

There's a little brown wren that has built in our tree,
And she's scarcely as big as a big bumble-bee;
She has hollowed a house in the heart of a limb,
And made the walls tidy, and made the floor trim,
With the down of the crowfoot, with tow and with straw,
The cosiest dwelling that ever you saw.
This little brown wren has the brightest of eyes,
And a foot of a very diminutive size;
Her tail is as trig as the sail of a ship;
She's demure, though she walks with a hop and a skip
And her voice—but a flute were more fit than a pen
To tell of the voice of the little brown wren.

—Clinton Holland.

BALTIMORE ORIOLE

(Upper Figure, Male; Lower Figure, Female)

Order—Passeres
Family—Icteridæ
Genus—Icterus
Species—Galbula

THE BOBOLINK

Robert of Lincoln is gayly drest,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest.
Hear him calling his merry note:
Bob—o—link, Bob—o—link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look, what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine,
Chee, chee, chee.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE

At some glad moment was it Nature's choice,
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

—Edgar Fawcett.

THE DOWNY WOODPECKER

Do you know a little bird
That in mourning shades is dressed
Black and white upon his wings,
Black and white upon his head—
Underneath, a bib of white
On his pretty throat and breast;
While above, upon his nape,
Gleams a shining bow of red?

—Mrs. M. A. B. Kelly.

COMMON MICHIGAN BIRDS

WITH SOME NOTES ON THEIR HABITS

BY WALTER B. BARROWS,

Professor of Zoology and Geology, Michigan Agricultural College.

It is not easy to say just how many kinds of birds can be fairly called common in this state for more than 330 species have been recorded and while sixty or more of these are so rare as to have been taken only a few times, and as many more are very seldom seen, yet at least 150 species occur regularly in some numbers and almost everyone of them is common at some time and place. In selecting a list of seventy-five common birds I have aimed therefore to include only those which are found regularly almost everywhere throughout the state, in suitable places and at proper times. Of course gulls, bitterns and ducks must not be looked for in waterless regions nor can we expect to find swallows, flycatchers and hummingbirds during the colder parts of the year.

With the exception of a few species, the green heron, Baltimore oriole, field sparrow, wood thrush, and perhaps the bobolink, every bird in the list may be found commonly at any suitable point in the state, and all but a dozen or so nest regularly wherever found. The principal exceptions to this statement are the sapsucker, junco, white-throated sparrow, brown creeper, hermit thrush, and certain warblers which seem to prefer northerly nesting places and are seldom found in the southern half of the lower peninsula except during migration.

The dates of arrival and departure, unless otherwise specified, relate to the vicinity of Lansing, Ingham County; spring arrivals in Monroe or Berrien Counties might average five or six days earlier, while for the Straits of Mackinaw they would be decidedly later. The greatest difference occurs however in the case of the earliest migrants, the late-comers, like the nighthawk and wood pewee, moving very rapidly over the last stages of their journey.

The writer will be glad to receive notice of any mistakes, inaccuracies or errors of any kind which may appear in this article. The necessity for brevity of course has compelled the omission of numberless interesting facts which will be all the more valuable if readers discover them for themselves.

No apology is made for omitting the scientific names, but it has been the intention to mention all the common names by which each bird is known, and the writer will be greatly indebted to anyone for additional specific information along this line, and so far as time permits he will be glad to give information in regard to birds or bird books to any who are in doubt.

SEVENTY-FIVE COMMON BIRDS.

1. Herring Gull
2. Bittern
3. Great Blue Heron
4. Green Heron
5. Coot; Mud-Hen
6. Spotted Sandpiper
7. Killdeer
8. Ruffed Grouse
9. Mourning Dove
10. Marsh Hawk
11. Cooper's Hawk
12. Red-shouldered Hawk
13. Sparrow Hawk
14. Screech Owl
15. Yellow-billed Cuckoo
16. Black-billed Cuckoo
17. Kingfisher
18. Downy Woodpecker
19. Sapsucker
20. Red-headed Woodpecker
21. Flicker
22. Nighthawk
23. Chimney Swift
24. Hummingbird
25. Kingbird
26. Phoebe
27. Wood Pewee
28. Prairie Horned Lark
29. Blue Jay
30. Crow
31. Bobolink
32. Cowbird
33. Red-winged Blackbird
34. Meadowlark
35. Baltimore Oriole
36. Bronzed Grackle
37. Goldfinch
38. English Sparrow
39. Vesper Sparrow
40. White-throated Sparrow
41. Chipping Sparrow
42. Field Sparrow
43. Junco; Snowbird
44. Song Sparrow
45. Chewink; Towhee
46. Rose-breasted Grosbeak
47. Indigo Bird
48. Scarlet Tanager
49. Purple Martin
50. Barn Swallow
51. Tree Swallow
52. Bank Swallow
53. Cedar-bird
54. Migrant Shrike
55. Red-eyed Vireo
56. Black and White Warbler
57. Yellow Warbler
58. Black-throated Blue Warbler
59. Myrtle Warbler
60. Magnolia Warbler
61. Chestnut-sided Warbler
62. Black-throated Green Warbler
63. Ovenbird
64. Maryland Yellowthroat
65. Redstart
66. Catbird
67. Brown Thrasher
68. House Wren
69. Brown Creeper
70. White-breasted Nuthatch
71. Chickadee
72. Wood Thrush
73. Hermit Thrush
74. Robin
75. Bluebird

1. Herring Gull; Common Gull; Harbor Gull; Gray Gull; Big Seagull. Commonest of the large gulls and the one usually seen about lake ports and harbors during the colder half of the year, but may occur at any time. During migration it sometimes visits inland ponds and streams and is then seen wheeling slowly over the water in search of fish or other animal food. Builds a bulky nest of grass, weeds, and other rubbish on rocky or sandy shores, commonly on islands, and lays three or four heavily spotted eggs.

2. Bittern; Stake-driver; Indian Hen. A wading bird the size of a hen, but with longer legs and neck, and brown plumage marked with buff and black. The green legs, yellow eyes and brown plumage make

this species unmistakable. Its common names Stake-driver, Thunder-pump and Bog-bull, all relate to its resonant notes which perhaps most often resemble the repeated strokes of a heavy wooden mallet driving a stake. It is found oftenest in very wet ground where it walks slowly about in search of frogs, fish and insects, or stands silently watching until some of these come within reach. Its nest is placed flat on the ground or on a low tussock, and the eggs are four, pale olive-brown, usually without spots. This species offers a remarkable illustration of protective coloration, its plumage blending so perfectly with the surrounding marsh vegetation that the bird is well nigh invisible even when standing fully exposed.

3. The Great Blue Heron. (Often miscalled the "Blue Crane.") The largest and probably the most frequently seen of any of our herons. Feeding largely by night it is active mornings and evenings and may be seen quietly watching or slowly walking along the edge of pond or stream at almost any hour of the day. Its long legs and neck give it a height of nearly five feet and it is so wary as to be approached with difficulty. Frogs, fish, snakes, insects and meadow-mice form the principal food. In April or May its bulky nest of twigs and sticks in the top of a lofty swamp tree contains four beautiful blue unspotted eggs as large as a turkey's.

4. Green Heron; Fly-up-the-Creek. Smallest of the family (except for the Least Bittern), and readily identified by the general dark green color of back and wings. Abundant in suitable places from May to October as far north as Port Huron and Grand Rapids, but north of this infrequent or entirely absent. Oftenest seen when boating on small streams; then if disturbed it utters a harsh croak or two and flies rapidly along the edge of the water, usually alighting on some overhanging branch, only to move on again as the boat approaches. Its nest is a scanty platform of sticks and twigs in a low tree, most often a willow or poplar, and the eggs are pale blue, unspotted, and about the size of a pullet's.

5. Coot; Mud-Hen; Crow Duck; Blue Peter. It has a general slate blue color with a scanty white patch on each wing and a cream-white bill. In the fall it is often seen in flocks on open water and may be mistaken for a duck, but during the summer it keeps more closely among the reeds and water plants, where it builds its nest among the cat-tails and sedges, laying from eight to fifteen thickly speckled eggs about the size of hens' eggs. It is not web-footed in the ordinary sense of the term but its toes are provided with wide membranous lobes or flaps which serve the same purpose as the duck's foot in swimming, but enable the bird to run about more freely in the tangled marsh vegetation.

6. The Spotted Sandpiper; Sand-peep; Peet-weet; Tip-up. A dainty little wader, not as heavy as a robin, and most often seen trotting singly or in pairs along the sandy shore of lake, pond or stream searching for aquatic insects and other wee animals on wet ground or in shallow water. Its continual rocking, tilting and bobbing motion is more or less common to all the sandpipers. The nest, usually in a dry situation, often in a pasture or a plowed field, is merely a slight hollow in the ground, occasionally lined with a few grass leaves and weed stems. The eggs are four or five, pear-shaped, heavily spotted, and surprisingly large for the bird, the four eggs frequently weighing more than the parent bird.

7. KILLDEER; KILL-DEE; NOISY PLOVER; FIELD PLOVER. This noisy and well known little wader arrives from the south as soon as the ground is bare in the spring and lingers in autumn often until the first snow-fall. It frequents wet and dry places alike, but shows decided preference for newly plowed fields and the edges of shallow muddy pools. Its black-ringed neck, black and white wings and bright cinnamon tail coverts make it a conspicuous bird, while its shrill and constantly repeated call of "kill-dee, kill-dee, kill-dee," insures its ready identification. It is seldom seen alone, oftenest in pairs or little squads of three to eight. The nest and eggs are similar in location and general appearance to those of the Spotted Sandpiper, but the eggs are decidedly larger, measuring about an inch and a half in length. Like the sandpiper, the downy young are able to run within a few hours after they are hatched.

8. THE RUFFED GROUSE; PARTRIDGE. Formerly abundant in almost every section of the state, but has been materially reduced in numbers of late years through the destruction of the woodlands, especially in the southern half of the state. It is resident throughout the year wherever found. Its food consists largely of buds and leaves, especially while there is snow on the ground, but at other times it eats many berries and seeds, together with numerous insects. Its loud whirring flight when started from the ground or "flushed" is well known to every farmer's boy, and equally well known is the remarkable rolling sound made by the male bird when "drumming." It commonly roosts in trees, but in severe winter weather frequently plunges into the deep snow and passes the night completely hidden below the surface. The nest is a rounded hollow in the leaves, in which eight or more eggs are laid, which are white or buffy white, usually without any spots. The young run as soon as hatched and if the covey is suddenly disturbed they squat and hide skillfully, while the mother feigns injury and pretending to be badly crippled attempts to draw the intruder, dog or man, away from the neighborhood of the young.

9. MOURNING DOVE; TURTLE DOVE; CAROLINA DOVE. An abundant resident of the southern peninsula, but less common north of the Straits. In the southernmost counties it is resident throughout the year, but north of the latitude of Lansing is not often seen in winter unless the season be unusually mild and the ground largely free from snow. The mournful callnotes of this bird are sufficient warrant for its common name. Few people, however, know that it possesses in a remarkable degree the power of ventriloquism, and usually when the call seems to come from a distance of a quarter of a mile or more the author of the notes is in reality only thirty to fifty yards away. Formerly this bird was often mistaken for the Wild Pigeon, but this is no longer possible since the latter species is now believed to be totally extinct. The Passenger Pigeon was nearly twice as large as the Mourning Dove and lacked the black dot on each side of the neck, which is a characteristic of the Dove.

10. MARSH HAWK; MOUSE HAWK; FROG HAWK; MARSH HARRIER; BOG-TROTTER. One of our best known hawks, coming from the south in March, often before the uplands are free from snow or the ice gone from the marshes. It hunts back and forth over the low grounds generally only a few yards from the surface, rising above the trees only to pass from one

meadow to the next. The adult male is largely bluish white while the females and the young males are dark brown, but at any age or season it shows a conspicuous white patch on the rump and upper tail coverts by which the species may be identified readily. This hawk rarely if ever attacks poultry, but lives almost entirely on meadow-mice, frogs, snakes, and less often upon blackbirds and other small birds. It nests always on the ground (the only Michigan hawk which does so) and commonly lays six nearly globular white or bluish white eggs, usually without any spots. Fully entitled to protection, since its destruction of meadow-mice and other rodents makes it one of our most valuable birds.

11. Cooper's Hawk; Chicken Hawk; Blue Darter. One of our smaller common hawks, found in all parts of the state and at all seasons of the year, but in very small numbers in winter. It may be recognized by its comparatively short, rounded wings and long tail, together with very slender legs and feet and remarkably long toes. The mature plumage is not gained until three or four years old, when it is clear slaty blue above and nearly white below, thickly *cross-barred* with reddish brown; the top of the head clear black and the tail slate blue with four or five broad, dark bars. The younger birds are browner and have the under surface largely white, *streaked lengthwise* with black.

This is the hawk which does most of the damage to poultry in Michigan. It rarely takes full grown fowls but carries away chickens of all sizes from the downy young up to nearly full grown pullets. For this reason it is one of the few hawks admitted to be generally harmful and therefore not protected by law. Aside from its damage in the poultry yard it destroys numbers of young quail, partridges and other wild birds, being preëminently a bird hawk, although it occasionally catches squirrels and less often field mice and gophers. It nests in trees, making a bulky nest of sticks and laying three to five bluish-white eggs without spots.

12. Red-shouldered Hawk; Big Chicken Hawk; Hen Hawk; Winter Hawk. The adult has a nearly black tail crossed by four or five distinct, narrow, pure white bars. When young (less than three years old) it is a very different looking bird and lacks the white cross bars on the tail, but at any age it shows rust red shoulders (lesser wing coverts), and this mark together with its large size, about 45 inches from tip to tip of outstretched wings, serves to identify it. As a rule this species does not trouble poultry, but feeds mainly upon meadow-mice, gophers, squirrels, snakes and frogs, although individual birds have been known to come to the poultry yard for chickens, and once they have formed the habit nothing but death seems to cure it. A similar species, so similar as to be readily mistaken for it, is the Red-tailed Hawk, which when adult may be recognized instantly by the deep rust red tail with a narrow black bar near the tip. Both these species are known as "hen-hawks" and from early spring until midsummer are frequently seen soaring in wide circles high above the fields and woods uttering the call note "kee-aah" many times in succession.

13. Sparrow Hawk; Kestrel; Rusty-crowned Falcon. A well-known little hawk, smallest of its kind in Michigan, and frequently seen perched on fence posts, telephone poles or the tops of low trees. A characteristic action is its hovering, almost stationary, above a meadow, then darting down into the grass to seize a cricket, katy-did, or other large

insect, or perhaps a field mouse, which is taken to the nearest fence post to be pulled to pieces and devoured. The name of Sparrow Hawk is a misnomer, since it rarely touches birds of any kind. In nesting habits it is unique among our hawks since it always lays its eggs in a hollow of some kind, usually the deserted nest of the flicker but occasionally the natural hollow of a decayed branch or stub.

SPARROW HAWK.
Biological Survey, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. Plate loaned by Zoological Dept. M. A. C.

14. Screech Owl; Mottled Owl; Red Owl; Gray Owl; Little-horned Owl. Our only small owl with conspicuous ear-tufts. So variable in color as to be very hard to describe properly. Sometimes the general color is gray, sometimes bright rusty brown, but the feathers of the back and breast, whatever their color, always show dark shaft stripes. Like most owls, this one hides by day and hunts mainly by morning and evening twilight or by moonlight. It nests in hollow trees where it lays four to six white unspotted eggs in April or May. The ordinary call is a series of clear, tremulous and rather musical notes, suggesting a wail rather than a screech. It is far more common about towns and villages than is usually supposed, and nearly every city park has at least one family which always does good work in destroying English Sparrows and mice. This is a most beneficial species and the law protecting it should be rigidly enforced.

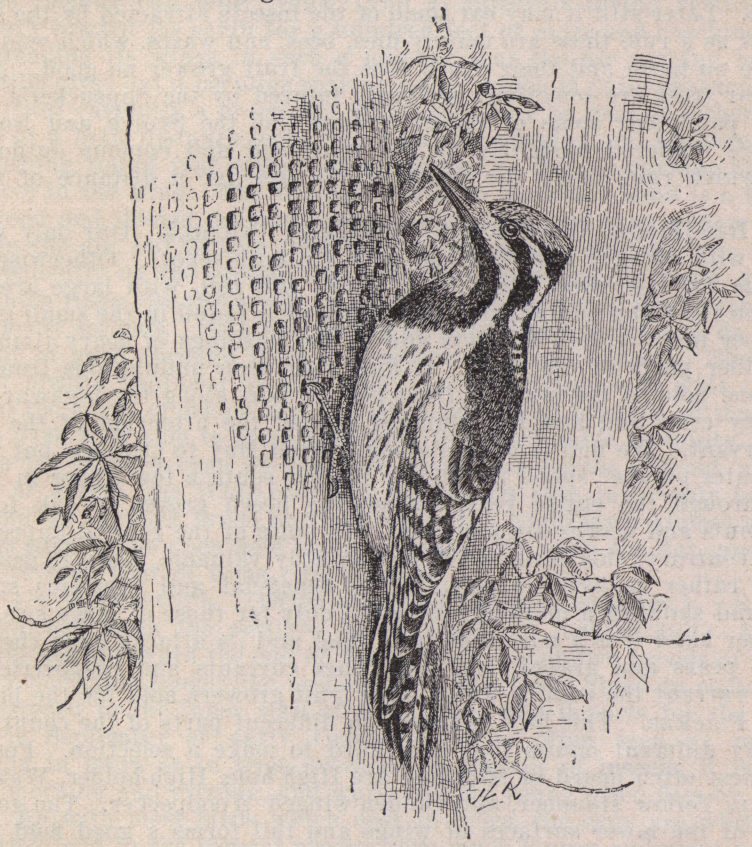
15. Yellow-billed Cuckoo; Rain-crow; Rain-dove; Kow-kow. Generally distributed throughout the state but never abundant. Usually found singly or in pairs, but unless familiar with its note, "coo-coo-coo" or "cook-cook-cook," it may not be noticed at all. Feeding almost entirely on insects, and especially upon hairy caterpillars, it is one of our most valuable birds, the only drawback being its scarcity. It comes from the south in May and withdraws again in September or October, and in the interim it nests at almost any time, building a fragile platform of twigs in a bush or low tree and laying two to four pale blue, unspotted eggs which are almost perfectly elliptical and about the size of a robin's.

16. Black-billed Cuckoo. So similar to the preceding species as not to be distinguished by the ordinary observer. The expert, however, separates it readily, since the Yellow-billed Cuckoo has the larger part of the lower mandible yellow, and shows large white "thumb-marks" on the outer tail feathers, while the Black-billed Cuckoo has a uniformly dark bill, a circle of bare red skin about the eye, and the outer tail feathers only narrowly tipped with white. In general habits the two birds are so much alike that any description would answer for one as well as the other.

17. Kingfisher; Belted Kingfisher. One of the few Michigan birds in which blue predominates. The possession of a crest possibly might lead one to confound it with the Blue Jay, but the long, dagger-like bill of the Kingfisher and its small, almost invisible, feet and legs render such a mistake unlikely. Its fondness for water, its habit of plunging into pond or stream to capture the small fish which form the larger part of its food, and its deep nesting burrow in banks of sand or clay all serve to mark the bird as specially interesting and attractive. Unfortunately its fish eating habits have prejudiced many anglers and it is much persecuted by gunners and especially by the thoughtless amateur, old or young, who has a rifle or other shooting iron which he must needs test on every wild thing within sight. The law distinctly prohibits the killing of the Kingfisher and promises fine or imprisonment for violation. The bird is not simply harmless to most game fishes, but decidedly beneficial through its destruction of crayfish and water insects, while its beautiful plumage and interesting habits lend a charm to every lake and stream in the state. The usual cry is a harsh rattle which is surprisingly loud for a bird of its size. The eggs are usually about six, pure white, unspotted, and of a very short oval shape, sometimes almost spherical.

18. Downy Woodpecker; Spotted Woodpecker (also known erroneously as Sapsucker). This is our smallest woodpecker and the spotted black-and-white plumage (the male showing a red crescent on the nape) serves to separate it from any other common bird except its larger relative, the Hairy Woodpecker. The Downy is a common resident not only of the deep forest and lesser outlying woodlands, but of nearly every orchard and grove, even coming regularly into the parks and shaded streets of town and village. During the colder half of the year (for this species stays with us summer and winter) he can be attracted close to the house by hanging a beef bone or a chunk of suet on a convenient tree, which he will visit every day, and sometimes a dozen times a day, in company with chickadees and nuthatches. We have no more beneficial

bird in our orchards, for he consumes myriads of insects, larvæ, eggs and pupæ, and although like most woodpeckers he takes a large part of his food from decaying wood, yet he undoubtedly eats thousands of insects which would otherwise injure twig, leaf or fruit. Bicknell says of its voice: "In addition to its usual short, sharp note the Downy Woodpecker has a rattling cry which starts and ends with an abrupt precision suggestive of a mechanical contrivance set off with a spring. This is used in lieu of song."



SAPSUCKER.
Biological Survey, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. Plate loaned by Zoological Dept. M. A. C.

(The Hairy Woodpecker is almost a duplicate of the Downy but decidedly larger, its weight in fact being at least double that of its smaller relative. The two birds are marked almost precisely alike, but in the Downy Woodpecker the outer pair of tail feathers is white, more or less barred with black, while in the Hairy these feathers are unspotted.)

19. SAPSUCKER; YELLOW-BELLIED WOODPECKER. Similar to the Downy Woodpecker but somewhat larger and always known in adult plumage by the red on the *forehead* and *front part of crown,* together with the pale yellow of the lower breast and belly. In addition the adult male has a bright red chin, while this part is white in the female. Both sexes

show a velvet black band across the chest. This is a summer visitor to Michigan and abundant in all parts of the state in the spring and fall, but nests freely only in the northern half of the lower peninsula and in the upper peninsula. It is commonly confounded with the Downy Woodpecker, which it somewhat resembles, but it should be carefully separated from this valuable bird. It gets its name of Sapsucker from the habit of perforating the bark of trees with small holes, commonly arranged in rows, from which it first extracts the soft inner bark and later drinks the flowing sap. Later still it may eat some of the insects attracted by the sweet sap, but as a rule these are mainly flies, bees, and wasps, which would do the tree no harm and their death does the fruit grower no good. Apple and pear trees are sometimes seriously injured by the Sapsucker's work and in particular some of the evergreens like the Scotch and Norway Pine are rendered unsightly by the continued and copious outflow of pitch which runs down the trunk of the tree for a distance of many feet.

20. Red-Headed Woodpecker; Red-Head; Tricolor. Our only woodpecker with entirely red head and neck (in both sexes). Otherwise conspicuous for the velvet black back, wings and tail, with large areas of white on the rump and wings. The Red-head is found in the small groves of timber in cultivated districts and in the slashings of heavy timber in the wilder parts of the state. It flies with deep undulations from one telephone pole to the next, or from post to post along the highway, and its noisy cries and striking plumage compel the attention of the most unobservant. We find it most abundant from May to October, but while the greater number spend the winter farther south a few linger in Michigan through the entire year, frequenting beech groves or oak forests where nuts and acorns are abundant. In spite of the general impression to the contrary, this bird is not particularly valuable, since it destroys insects rather indiscriminately, taking beneficial and injurious species alike, and showing a marked preference only for those of large size. On the other hand it is a notorious fruit thief and its attacks upon cherries, apples, pears and grapes, and sometimes currants and raspberries, go far to warrant the enmity which most fruit growers hold for the bird.

21. Flicker. This bird is known in different parts of the country by so many different names that it is hard to make a selection. Perhaps those most often heard in Michigan are High-hole, High-holder, Wake-up, Wick-up, Yellow Hammer, and Golden-winged Woodpecker. The golden-yellow of the lower surfaces of wings and tail forms a good field mark when the bird passes over the observer, while the conspicuous white patch above the base of the tail is an even better mark as the bird flies away from one. In addition the breast, belly and sides are thickly marked with circular, clean-cut black spots and the breast shows a sharp black crescent. The male has a red nape and a pair of black cheek patches, while the female lacks both. Our largest common woodpecker and found everywhere throughout the state from April to October. Unlike our other woodpeckers the Flicker gets a large part of its food from the ground. This food consists very largely of ants but also includes grasshoppers, beetles and seeds. Its work in the destruction of ants possibly is of importance to the agriculturist, but the rest of its food is of such a nature as to be of little value one way or the other. The bird, however, is decidedly ornamental, does no particular harm, and should

be given the protection which the law promises but does not always secure.

22. NIGHTHAWK; BULL-BAT; MOSQUITO HAWK. The Nighthawk belongs to the same family with the Whip-poor-will but the two are quite unlike in habits, as well as general appearance. The Nighthawk is a bird of the open country, with long slender wings and great power of flight, most often seen cutting the air high above town or country, uttering its rasping call note "yank," and at intervals diving vertically or obliquely toward the earth for a hundred feet or more and checking itself by spreading its wings in such a manner that the air rushing between the quills gives out a peculiar roaring sound which is quite characteristic. If watched carefully a prominent white spot may be seen on either wing, which at a little distance looks like a hole or opening and we have heard the rushing sound just spoken of attributed to the air rushing through this hole in the wing. The Whip-poor-will on the other hand is a bird of the forest and thicket, leaving cover only at dusk, and then seldom rising high in the air, but flitting from rock to stump and post to tree, alighting frequently on the ground and constantly uttering its rapid, vibrant call which resembles the words "whip-poor-will" repeated five to ten times in as many seconds. Both species are strictly insect eaters and do a vast amount of good through their destruction of noxious pests. These are almost always captured on the wing, the bird flying with wide opened mouth, the edges of which are furnished with long bristles, so that even in the dark it is able to catch insects with considerable certainty. Both species lay spotted eggs on the bare ground or leaves without any attempt at a nest, the Whip-poor-will placing its eggs invariably beneath the shadows of thick brush or trees, while the Nighthawk almost always lays its eggs in the open field or not infrequently upon the flat sanded or gravel-covered roof of some city building.

23. CHIMNEY SWIFT. (Often miscalled Chimney Swallow.) Readily distinguished from the swallow by its apparent lack of tail. Arrives from the south toward the end of April, rears one or two broods of young in its remarkable basket-like nest made of dry twigs glued to each other and fastened to the inner wall of a chimney, and departs for the south again in September or early October. While often seen at midday wheeling in pairs or in trios overhead in pursuit of insects, it is most active morning and evening, and while feeding young often flies by moonlight. As with most birds which nest in holes, the eggs are white and unspotted, and in the present species very much longer and more pointed than most other eggs of their size.

24. HUMMINGBIRD; RUBY-THROATED HUMMINGBIRD. Too well known to need description, but it should be said that we have in Michigan only one species of hummingbird, although the male and female are so unlike in form and color as to mislead any but the most careful. The male alone shows the bright ruby throat, the female and the young being plain grayish white below. The Hummingbird arrives from the south in May and remains with us until mid-September, occasionally a little later. Its nest, a perfect gem of bird architecture, resembles a little mossy knot on the nearly horizontal or slightly drooping branch commonly selected as a nesting site. Nests are most often found on apple, maple and beech trees, but occasionally on almost any other species except an evergreen. The eggs are always two, pure white and unspotted. The food

consists largely of nectar, although the bird certainly takes a very considerable number of tiny insects and spiders from the flowers which it visits. Apparently young hummingbirds do not have to learn to fly, since they have been seen to fly directly from the nest almost as steadily as the old birds themselves.

25. KINGBIRD; BEE MARTIN; BEE BIRD. Easily known by the slate gray upper parts and pure white under parts, the dark tail with a conspicuous terminal band of white. Old birds have a patch of crimson on the crown which can be shown or hidden at will.

Found all over the state from May to September, and well known to every farmer's boy from its flycatching habits and its frequent attacks on crows and hawks. Its bulky nest of twigs, straw, string and feathers is placed most often upon a thorn tree or scrubby fruit tree at no great height from the ground, and commonly contains four creamy white eggs beautifully spotted and streaked with various shades of brown. This species is fond of the vicinity of water and frequently dips its bill while flying, after the manner of a swallow, but probably in most of these cases it snaps up insects from the surface. Its characteristic flight, with widely spread tail and quickly vibrating wings serves to identify it almost as far as it can be seen.

26. PHOEBE; PEWEE; BRIDGE PEWEE; BARN PEWEE. Another very common flycatcher which is found everywhere throughout the state, placing its nest most often under a bridge or on the beam of a shed or barn, but also occasionally on a ledge of rock or even on a shelf of sand or a projecting root in a sand bank. Probably the most characteristic action of the bird is the frequent sagging and flirting of the tail. Its general color above is grayish olive, becoming smoky brown on the top and sides of the head. The under parts are dull whitish without special markings. It resembles the Wood Pewee quite closely but lacks the white wing bars which are usually visible in that species. Its common call note is suggested by the word "phoebe" uttered sharply and with considerable energy, with the accent on the last syllable. Captain Bendire writes it "see-hee." The clear, long drawn, plaintive "pee-wee" of winter and early spring is given by the Chickadee weeks or even months before the Phoebe arrives from the south. The eggs are pure white and almost always without markings; rarely with a few brown specks.

27. WOOD PEWEE. So similar to the other small flycatchers as to be recognized with difficulty. The light (nearly white) wing bars offer the best recognition mark, and the fact that it otherwise resembles the Phoebe but has a somewhat shorter tail may also be of service. It comes from the south about the middle of May, builds its nest during the first half of June (often with a second nest in July or August) and disappears again about the middle of September. The nest is characteristic; shallow, thin walled, often bottomless or nearly so, yet so securely placed on a horizontal branch, and its material so firmly interwoven and glued by spiders' webs and perhaps some other sticky material, that it frequently outlasts the winter. It is built mainly of fibrous materials, including grasses, bark, rootlets and various plant fibres, and so covered outside with spiders' webs, moss, lichens and other materials as to closely resemble the branch on which it is placed. The eggs, two, three or four, are white or cream colored, heavily marked about the larger end with brown or purple spots and lines. The ordinary note is the long drawn

plaintive "phoebe" or "pee-wee" which is perfectly characteristic but defies description. The food consists almost entirely of insects.

28. PRAIRIE HORNED LARK; SHORE LARK; PRAIRIE LARK; YELLOW-THROAT. In earliest spring, while there is still much snow on the north slopes and everywhere in the woods, this little lark will be heard twittering in the bare fields and may be found nesting on the sides of grassy knolls or in open stubble fields. Its song is a rather feeble performance and resembles, as nearly as I can express it, the words, "think, think-a-little-think." Sometimes this song is uttered from a clod of earth or the top of a fence post, and less often while the bird hovers in the air at a height of fifty or one hundred feet. Possibly it sometimes sings at a much higher elevation, but its song is far from loud and thus may pass unnoticed.

On the ground the bird runs like a mouse and when flushed flies with great ease and rapidity, often rising to a considerable height, circling for a few moments, then dropping to the earth again at no great distance from its starting place. The nest is always placed on the ground and consists of grasses and vegetable fibres closely interwoven and quite thick and warm. Four or five eggs are laid varying in color from olive to dirty white, thickly and finely spotted with brown. This little bird eats millions of weed seeds as well as some insects, while it does no harm of any kind so far as we can discover. It has been charged with pulling sprouting wheat, but we have found no evidence in support of this claim.

29. BLUE JAY. Recognizable at a glance by the general bright blue color checked with black and white, and the conspicuous crest. It can be mistaken for no other bird, except possibly the Kingfisher, from which its habits easily distinguish it.

With the exception of the Crow this bird probably has caused more discussion than any other bird in the state. Its food includes almost everything eatable but it shows special fondness for acorns, beechnuts, small fruits and insects. It robs the nests of smaller birds, eating their young or eggs with avidity, but this seems to be largely a matter of individual taste. At some times and places, even in the nesting season, the Blue Jay appears to live peaceably with its neighbors; in other places it is a pirate and a robber bent always upon mischief.

Its ordinary call is a harsh note sounding like "jay, jay," which gives it its common name, but it has also an odd, yodling call which Seton Thompson writes "sir-roo-tle, sir-roo-tle, sir-roo-tle." Again it imitates the loud "kee-ah" or "keo" of the red-shouldered and red-tailed hawks, deceiving even the practiced ear. Although less often heard, the jay has a rather disjointed but sweet, low, warbling song, heard often in late winter and early spring, but also during the height of the nesting season. The bulky nest of twigs and roots is placed in some low tree, often an evergreen, and contains from four to six eggs so heavily marked with brown and lavender as almost to obscure the ground color of olive or buff.

30. CROW. Too well known to need description, its large size, uniformly black plumage and hoarse notes, "caw, caw, caw" rendering it unmistakable. Volumes have been written on its habits, yet agriculturists are still divided as to its economic value. It does immense damage through the destruction of poultry and the eggs and young of wild birds, as well as by pulling sprouting corn and other grains, eating corn "in the

milk" and attacking many cultivated fruits. It also sows broadcast the seeds of poison ivy and poison sumac. On the other hand it may do some good through the consumption of carrion and it certainly confers some benefit in the destruction of insects. Careful investigation, however, shows that its value as an insect eater has been much overestimated. It is not particular whether the insects are alive or dead and moreover shows a decided preference for large and comparatively harmless insects avoiding most of the common and destructive species which infest the field, garden and orchard. Probably its best work is the consumption of grasshoppers and May-beetles. It eats very few cutworms or other caterpillars. In short the sum total of the Crow's good deeds is by no means large and is far outweighed by the harm done.

31. Bobolink; White-winged Blackbird; Skunk-headed Blackbird; Skunk-head. The male in spring is clear black below, mixed black, white and cream above; the female is pale buff streaked along the sides and over all the upper parts with black. After midsummer the old males lose all the clear black and white, and old and young of both sexes resemble the female described above. This, the most rollicking and voluble songster of our meadows and open fields, is a common resident from May to September, when it leaves us for the Carolina rice-fields where it is known as the rice-bird and ortolan. While with us it does little or no harm, living mainly on insects and weed seeds and enlivening our fields with its truly remarkable song, which is a medley of rapidly uttered notes, some with the ringing quality of cut glass, others metallic as piano wire, while they are poured out in such a flood of indescribable melody as to baffle description. A mere hint of the quality of the call note is conveyed in the bird's common name if it be shortened to "bob-link."

32. Cowbird; Cow Bunting; Cow Blackbird; Lazy-bird. The smallest of our blackbirds and the male easily known by the greenish black plumage and brown head. Often seen feeding in small squads about the feet of grazing cattle or even perched upon their backs. Unique among Michigan birds from its habit of laying its eggs always in the nest of some other bird, never making any attempt to build a nest of its own. The nests thus used are mainly those of smaller birds, warblers, sparrows, vireos, etc., and the larger egg of the Cowbird is thus quite conspicuous. The nest owner, however, often overlooks the obvious fraud and rears the young cowbird, commonly with the complete loss of her own brood. The destruction of young birds in this way is often enormous, and the Cowbird must be regarded on this account if for no other reason, a most undesirable citizen.

The female has a dirty, grayish or brownish gray plumage not distantly resembling an overgrown female English Sparrow.

33. Red-winged Blackbird; Redwing; Swamp Blackbird. Best known of all our blackbirds, the glossy black coat and scarlet epaulets of the male making him doubly conspicuous. Every cat-tail marsh in the state has its colony of Redwings and these birds form the larger part of the great mixed flocks of blackbirds which visit the grain fields and stubble fields for food. The Redwing comes from the south early in March, invariably in flocks, and the first flocks always consist entirely of adult males. A week or ten days later, perhaps by March 20 or 25, flocks of females and young males appear these being streaked with brownish or

grayish above and below and mottled or not with dull red on the shoulders.

Samuels writes the Redwing's "song" with the syllables "quonk-a-ree," which gives a fair idea of its call, which is musical and pleasing, as uttered by the birds perched singly on bush-top or dead reeds close to the water. The clear whistle "a-lee-e-e, a-lee-e" uttered on the wing or as an alarm call from a perch, is one of the most penetrating of bird calls and is often heard from far overhead when the bird himself is almost or quite out of sight. The nest of grasses and weed-stalks is usually hung or woven among the cat-tails, sedges or bushes which stand in shallow water, and is seldom more than a foot or two from the surface, sometimes being placed flat on the top of a grassy tussock. The eggs are four or five, spotted and pen-marked with brown, purple and black on a greenish white background.

34. Meadowlark; Common Lark; Field Lark. Known at a glance by the V-shaped black collar separating the bright yellow throat and breast. Abundant everywhere in open country in the Lower Peninsula and in favorable places in the Upper Peninsula. A welcome arrival from the south in earliest spring, and one of the last migrants to go in the fall. Nests on the ground in grassy fields and lives mainly on insects, with a few seeds. One of the most valuable birds on the farm.

35. Baltimore Oriole; Golden Robin; Hang-nest. The brilliant coat of orange and black is distinctive, and the purse-shaped nest swung from the drooping branch of elm or birch is equally characteristic.

This is one of the most beautiful of our summer visitors and well known throughout the Lower Peninsula up to about 44°, though entirely absent from the Upper Peninsula. It arrives with great regularity from the south, the average date for males being about May 5, the females a week later. The voice is rich and mellow, but the few notes uttered in close succession can hardly be called a song. Bendire writes the commonest form as "hioh, hioh, tweet-tweet." As an insect eater the oriole has few rivals and the fact that he loves green peas and sometimes punctures grapes and apples should not be allowed to weigh heavily against him.

36. Bronzed Grackle; Crow Blackbird. Largest of our blackbirds, the head and neck changeable blue-purple-green-black, the back brassy or bronzed (whence the name), the eye bright yellow. This is the common blackbird of our lawns and parks, where it forages for white-grubs, cutworms and May-beetles, sometimes singly, more often in flocks of ten to thirty. The bulky nests of grass, bark, etc., are oftenest placed high up in evergreen trees, but sometimes in hardwood trees or even in niches about buildings. The notes are harsh and disagreeable and the bird does more or less damage by pulling sprouting corn and grain and eating some corn in the "roasting-ear" stage. Nevertheless it consumes myriads of harmful insects and in the opinion of many who ought to know the good thus done far outweighs all harm.

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The eleven species following, numbers 37 to 47, belong to the family of finches, which are mainly seed-eaters or bud-eaters, as indicated by the strong cone-shaped bill which is used with great skill for a variety of purposes. The finches and sparrows include some of our best songsters as well as some of our most beautiful birds. They have strong powers of

flight, a high degree of intelligence, and though mainly vegetarian in diet not a few eat insects freely, and none of them does any serious injury, although the grosbeaks and some others occasionally eat fruit buds rather freely and more rarely take a little fresh fruit. It is impossible to draw the line sharply between the sparrows and finches, but as a rule the latter are more brightly colored and the males and females differ widely, while the sparrows are more soberly colored and the sexes more nearly alike.

37. GOLDFINCH; WILD CANARY; THISTLE-BIRD; YELLOWBIRD. Universally distributed throughout the state, but much more plentiful some years than others, and always more abundant in summer than in winter. The male in summer is unmistakable in body plumage of lemon yellow with a velvet black cap and black wings and tail with white edgings. The female is a decidedly yellow bird but lacks all the sharp black and white markings of the male and the yellow is duller. In winter both sexes lose most of their yellow and would hardly be recognized as the same birds. Goldfinches are most often found in flocks, and these are very conspicuous in May and June, feeding on seeds of the elm or gathering by scores on the patches of dandelions to feast on their ripening seeds. The male has a delightful, canary-like song, and its commonest call-note while at rest also closely resembles that of the Canary. The nest, which is bulky, soft and deeply hollowed, is rarely built before the first of July, often not until the middle or end of that month. Five or six tiny blue-white eggs, without any spots, are commonly laid.

This bird must not be confounded with the Yellow Warbler. (No. 57.)

38. ENGLISH SPARROW; HOUSE SPARROW; COMMON SPARROW. Too well known to need description; the commonest sparrow now in town or country, and not likely to become less so. Doubtless it has some good points but being a typical seed-eater it takes insects rarely and irregularly, never in sufficient quantities to do any perceptible good. It drives away many of our better birds, either by direct attack or more commonly by appropriating the nesting boxes and other holes which they would otherwise use, and when we throw out seeds and other food in winter to attract native species the English Sparrow usually arrives first and devours everything in sight. It soils our porches and eaves with its droppings, stops up our roof pipes with its nests, and often infests houses and stables with mites and other parasites which are undesirable. There is a growing belief also that this bird is largely responsible for the distribution of hog cholera from farm to farm, the germs being carried by the bill, feet and plumage.

39. VESPER SPARROW; GRASS-FINCH; BAY-WINGED BUNTING. A bird of the open country, delighting in the upland sheep pasture or the neglected mowing lot, and often nesting in the cornfield or among the half-grown wheat. It loves to sing from fence post, telephone wire or low tree top, but all its food, both insects and seeds, comes from the ground and its nest is always built on or rather in the ground, since it is commonly sunken until its rim is flush with the surface. The song is one of those simple unpretentious little performances which are nevertheless very hard to describe. It resembles that of the Song Sparrow somewhat, and like that is repeated again and again from the same perch, but the notes are clearer, sweeter, more delicate, making the song as a whole less mechanical and more musical. The bird itself is best separated

from the other sparrows with spotted breasts by the white outer tail feathers which are most conspicuous as the bird flits from one perch to another.

40. WHITE-THROATED SPARROW; WHITE-THROAT; PEABODY-BIRD; CANADA SPARROW. One of our larger sparrows which occurs in southern Michigan only as a migrant but nests commonly from the middle of the Lower Peninsula northward. Like the Vesper Sparrow this bird gets practically all its living from the ground, and its nest is built there also,

BY P. A. TAVERNER.

VESPER SPARROW.
Plate loaned by Zoological Dept. M. A. C.

but it is a bird of the thicket and grove rather than of pasture or field, and if we surprise a party of White-throats feeding in the open they invariably seek cover in the nearest shrubbery. Its song has been variously rendered, the commonest forms perhaps being by the words "sow whe-e-eat Peabody, Peabody, Peabody" and "sweet-sweet-sweet Canada, Canada, Canada." Usually the second or third note is highest and very clear while the succeeding notes fall regularly and are uttered with increasing rapidity. This is one of the most characteristic songs of the northern woods, particularly of the cedar swamps and the evergreen fringes along the streams.

41. Chipping Sparrow; Chippy; Hair-bird; Hair Sparrow. From April to October this confiding little sparrow may be found abundantly anywhere in the settled parts of the state. Usually we see it only in pairs or singly, but in autumn it forms scattering flocks and feeds on weed seeds in company with other sparrows. The young are fed freely on insects and the old birds doubtless consume a few more, but as a whole the food consists of various small seeds, particularly those of grasses and weeds. The nest is placed most often in some low bush or tree, preferably an evergreen early in the season, but sometimes in a lilac bush, a fruit tree or even an oak or maple. The nest is made very largely of horse hair (whence the name Hair-bird) but always has a foundation of roots and grasses. The eggs rarely exceed four and are a beautiful blue-green color rather sparsely spotted and streaked with black, these markings tending to form a circle or wreath at the large end. In most regions at least one nest in three will contain an egg or two of the Cowbird. The song consists of a simple trill formed by the rapid repetition of a single note anywhere from ten to one hundred times. As a rule the notes are rather feeble, wooden and unmusical but there is much individual difference and I have heard the song late at night when it was sweet and decidedly pleasing.

42. Field Sparrow; Bush Sparrow; Field Chippy. John Burroughs says this bird's song is like the words "fe-o, fe-o, fe-o, few-few-few, fee-fee-fee," uttered at first high and leisurely, but running very rapidly toward the close which is low and soft.

The Field Sparrow is partial to bushy pastures and the edges and openings of second growth woods, but it is found with us only in the Lower Peninsula, and in greatest numbers in the middle and southern counties. It nests either on the ground or in low bushes and brambles, and the nest and eggs are not always separable from those of the Song Sparrow and some others. The bird itself is one of the few small sparrows which shows neither spots nor streaks on the under parts. The reddish-yellow bill separates it easily from the Chipping Sparrow in which the bill is black.

43. Junco; Slate-colored Snowbird; Common Snowbird. An abundant migrant throughout the state and a common summer resident of the northern half. The slate-colored plumage, with white belly and outer tail-feathers, serves to identify the male at a glance, and the female is very similar but a little browner. During migration it appears in large but straggling flocks, which haunt the edges of woods, the brushy pastures, and the hedges and fences that border roads and fields.

Its food is mainly small seeds and it does incalculable good by its destruction of the common weed seeds of farm and garden. It lays three to five speckled eggs in a well hidden, neatly built nest on the ground. The ordinary song is a prolonged, clear trill, which in late spring and summer changes to an interrupted warble. Its call-note or alarm-note is a sharp "smack" or "chap."

44. Song Sparrow; Hedge Sparrow; Bush Sparrow; Ground Sparrow; Ground-bird. Our most abundant native sparrow throughout the state, and with us from March to November, while a few always winter in the southern counties. It shows the typical "streakiness" of sparrows, being reddish brown above and ashy or whitish below, everywhere streaked with brownish black, the streaks below tending to run together

and form a conspicuous spot or patch in the middle of the breast. This is true of the Vesper Sparrow also, but in lesser degree, the streaks being fewer and narrower and the breast spot less conspicuous; moreover the Song Sparrow has no white in the tail. It feeds mainly on the ground, going to shrubs, vines and bushes for insect food for its young, and almost always seeking an elevated perch,—fence post, bush or tree—from which to chant its pretty song. This usually begins with three high, emphatic, evenly spaced notes, followed by a dozen which are more or less "jumbled," these in turn by a decided trill, ending with two or three distinctly lower notes. The song may be phrased somewhat like this: "chink, chink, chink, tinker, tinker, tinker, tinker, tr-r-r-r-r-r-r-tunk, tunk"; but there is great variation among different performers, and the same individual may use several different songs. The three introductory notes, however, are seldom omitted. The nest is always neatly built of woven grasses, rootlets and other fibrous materials, and is deeply hollowed and carefully lined, usually with hair. It is placed indifferently on the ground, or in a bush or hedge, less often in a tree at some height from the ground. The first nest, in April, is likely to be hidden in the thick dry grass, or else placed in an evergreen, but the later nests may be built anywhere. The eggs are three to six and vary interminably in shade of ground color and pattern of markings, but they are always spotted with brown or black on a bluish, greenish or white background. This bird has many natural enemies, the most dangerous being the house cat and the Cowbird. If both these could be destroyed utterly the bird world—and probably our own world—would be safer and happier.

45. Chewink; Towhee; Ground Robin; Swamp Robin; Joree. Larger than most sparrows and smaller than the Robin, the Chewink is a conspicuous bird of the woodlands over a large part of the state, being least common in the northernmost sections. It frequents brushy pastures and open woods and is especially abundant along roadsides and on the margins of clearings. It spends most of the time searching for food on the ground where it scratches like a chicken and makes nearly as much noise. Its alarm note is "che-wink" or "chwink," whence its common name. Like many other ground-loving species it sings oftenest from a high perch and Seton Thompson writes its song "chuck-burr-pill-a-will-a-will-a." The nest is placed usually on the ground, more or less hidden beneath a bush or a brush-heap; rarely at a height of two to ten feet in a vine tangle or a scrubby tree. The eggs are pinkish, thickly peppered with reddish brown dots.

46. Rose-breasted Grosbeak; Summer Grosbeak; Potato-bug Bird. Male, black, white and rose-red in large masses, the short, thick bill nearly white. Female, brown or gray, heavily streaked with brown, the wings lined with yellow and a distinct whitish stripe over and behind the eye. An abundant summer resident of the entire Lower Peninsula and by no means rare in the Upper Peninsula. It comes from the south about the first of May and returns again in September and October, but at that time none will be found in the colored plumage since even the old males assume a gray plumage similar to that of the female after the nesting season is over. The nest, placed usually in a bush or sapling not more than ten or twelve feet from the ground, is a fragile, basket-like structure made of the slenderest twigs, rootlets and other fibrous material, usually with the bottom so thin and open that the greenish, spotted eggs

can be seen through it. The Grosbeak is a superb singer, his rich, mellow warble suggesting both the Robin and the Baltimore Oriole yet far surpassing either. The call-note, common to both sexes, is a single sharp, high-pitched chip which is unlike that of any other bird known to me. It might be written "it" or "hit", but this should be pronounced forcibly, almost explosively, to get the right effect. Though a bud-eater and seed-eater, this bird does almost no harm (It does eat green pease) and the fact that he eats many injurious insects, including the obnoxious potato beetle, certainly should give him the best of standing with farmer and gardener.

47. INDIGO BIRD; INDIGO BUNTING; BLUE FINCH; BLUE CANARY. The male Indigo Bird is an entirely dark-blue bird about the size of a canary, the female being decidedly smaller, and dull brown without trace of blue except sometimes a faint blue-green gloss on the outer edges of wing and tail feathers. This is a dainty little finch which comes to us from the south about the middle of May and leaves us again in September. It seems to be nowhere abundant, yet once its song is known it can be found at any point in the state from the Indiana line to Lake Superior. It lives on seeds, small fruits and insects, taken partly from the ground and partly from shrubbery and trees. When singing the male loves to take a perch thirty to eighty feet from the ground and here he will remain indefinitely, repeating his striking song at short intervals sometimes for an hour. The song is not unlike part of the song of the Goldfinch, which in turn suggests some canary songs, but that of the Indigo Bird has a ringing, bell-like quality which is all its own. The nest is always placed near the ground, usually in a thicket of hazel or a cluster of "water-sprouts" from a stump in a clearing. The nest is likely to be bulky but compact, well built, of woven grasses, fibres, and usually some dead leaves, and lined with rootlets, horse hair and fine grasses. The eggs are clear bluish white, generally unspotted, but occasionally with a few reddish flecks.

48. SCARLET TANAGER; TANAGER; RED-BIRD; BLACK-WINGED REDBIRD; FIRE-BIRD. The scarlet head and body with velvet black wings and tail belong to no bird but the male Scarlet Tanager. The female Tanager shows no trace of red, but is olive-green above and yellowish below, the wings and tail brownish. A common but nowhere abundant bird, and found during summer in all parts of the state. To the uninitiated it is a rare species, but once its Robin-like song has been fixed in the memory and its peculiar call-note "chip-churr; chip-churr" has been learned, the bird can be found in almost every patch of woodland and not infrequently in the oaks, elms and maples along the village streets. Doubtless the song is often mistaken for that of the Robin but there is a certain hoarseness or nasal character about it which at once serves to identify the singer. It sings best in the hottest weather, and a cold rain which seems to stimulate the Wood Thrush, Catbird and Robin, puts an effectual damper on the Tanager. It combines the food habits of finch and fly-catcher taking immense quantities of insects, many of them on the wing, while it also eats seeds, berries and wild fruits freely. Only a small part of its food comes from the ground.

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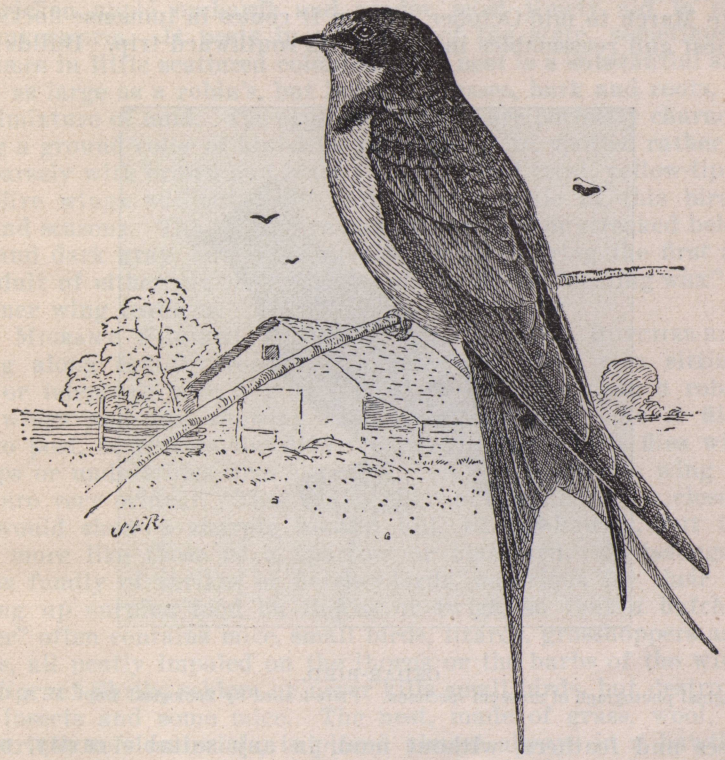
The swallows (Nos. 49 to 52), belong to a family famed throughout the world for grace of form and swiftness of flight. They are also universally esteemed for their insect eating habits and their complete harmless-

ness. Catching most of their food on the wing they are largely dependent on the weather, for few insects fly freely unless the air is at least moderately warm, hence the appearance of swallows in numbers is regarded as assurance of mild weather and they are hailed in many countries as the harbingers of spring. The Purple Martin is the largest and strongest of our species, and the Bank Swallow the smallest, while the Barn Swallow and Tree Swallow are intermediate in size. They may be readily separated by comparing size, color and form, or with equal ease by a comparison of habits. All are abundant throughout the state, but



BARN SWALLOW.
Biological Survey U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. Plate loaned by Zoological Dept M. A. C.

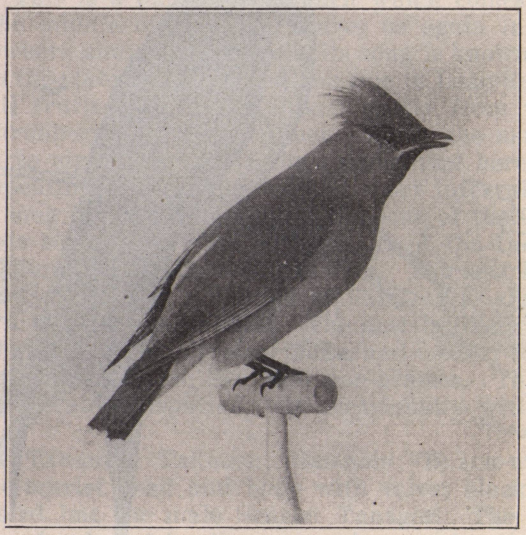
the Purple Martin and Barn Swallow are more plentiful in the more thickly settled regions, the other two being more independent of man for nesting sites.

49. PURPLE MARTIN; BLACK MARTIN; HOUSE MARTIN; COMMON MARTIN. Male, steel blue, with brownish-black wings and tail; female, similar but duller above; under parts grayish or brownish white. Tail moderately forked. Nest in gourd, bird-box, cornice, or woodpecker's hole. Eggs pure white, without spots. Arrives in April and departs in August.

50. BARN SWALLOW; BARN-LOFT SWALLOW; FORK-TAILED SWALLOW. Steel blue above, mostly rusty brown below, the tail very deeply forked and crossed by a conspicuous row of roundish white spots. Nest open cup-shaped, of mixed mud and straw, lined with feathers, and almost

always fastened to a rafter or beam inside a barn or other building. Eggs white, thickly dotted with brown. Arrives late in April and departs early in September. (The Cliff Swallow has a slightly forked tail and builds a covered or gourd-shaped nest of pellets of mud without any straw, these nests always placed *outside* the building, but under the eaves, sometimes fifty or more in a row and so close as to touch each other.)

51. TREE SWALLOW; WHITE-BELLIED SWALLOW; BLUE-BACKED SWALLOW; STUMP SWALLOW; EAVE SWALLOW. Metallic blue-green above and snow white below, with dark wings and tail, the latter moderately forked. Earliest of our swallows to come and last to go, its stay covering the time from late March to mid-October. Often it comes in immense flocks, scatters to nest and reassembles in fall for its southward trip. Builds a nest



CEDAR-BIRD.
Original photograph of museum specimen. Plate loaned by Zoological Dept. M. A. C.

of grasses and feathers, without mud, in any suitable cavity, natural or artificial, but most often uses deserted woodpecker holes in trees or stumps near water. Eggs pure white, unspotted.

52. BANK SWALLOW; SAND SWALLOW; SAND MARTIN; BANK MARTIN. Smallest of our swallows. Brownish gray above, without any metallic luster; below pure white except for a grayish band across the chest. Tail barely forked—almost square. Nests always in burrows in sand or gravel banks, hundreds of burrows often in one colony. The pure white, unspotted eggs are sometimes laid on the bare sand at the end of the burrow but more often there is a shallow nest of grasses, leaves and feathers. (The Rough-winged Swallow closely resembles the Bank Swallow in size, color and habits, but is uniform brownish gray on throat and breast. It is the least common of all our swallows and found rarely if at all north of the Straits of Mackinaw.)

53. CEDAR-BIRD; CEDAR WAXWING; CHERRY-BIRD. This bird is an

odd mixture of good and bad, but with the good very much in excess, and it shows some interesting contrasts and contradictions. Of strikingly beautiful plumage, it is not merely songless but well-nigh voiceless. It is very erratic in its movements, being abundant one season and then perhaps almost absent for a year or two. It is an expert flycatcher and lives largely on insects at certain seasons; yet it regularly braves the rigors of our northern winter and appears to thrive on juniper berries, haws and frozen apples with the mercury hovering about the zero mark. At one time it will appear suddenly in the cherry orchard and cause serious loss by gorging itself with the ripening fruit, while a few days later it may descend in flocks on the pest-stricken apple orchards and render most timely aid in subduing the cankerworm. It nests in all parts of the state, sometimes singly sometimes in little scattered colonies. The nest is a substantial structure nearly as large as a robin's, but built of grasses, bark and roots, without any admixture of mud. The eggs, four to six, are perfectly characteristic, having a ground color of bluish or purplish white, spotted rather sharply but sparsely with brown and black. The pointed crest, yellow-tipped tail, and olive wings without white, are characteristic of this bird at all ages and seasons. The young are strongly striped or streaked below with light and dark gray, but these streaks are lost during the first autumn. The adult of either sex may or may not have red "sealing-wax" tips on the inner wing feathers.

54. Migrant Shrike; Butcher-bird; Summer Butcher-bird. In driving along country roads in summer one often sees sitting on a fence or telephone wire a gray bird rather smaller than a robin, with dark wings and tail showing clean white patches. As it flies from post to post, or crosses the field from fence to fence it flies with deep scallops or undulations, like a woodpecker, and the white wing and tail spots are very evident. This is the Migrant Shrike, and a close inspection would show a sharply hooked bill, like a hawk's, but feet and claws more like those of a sparrow or blackbird. It belongs to the famous family of shrikes or butcher-birds, notorious for their habit of hanging up surplus food on thorns or twigs, so that a butcher-bird's "larder" often contains mice, small birds, lizards, grasshoppers and other insects, all neatly impaled on the thorns or the barbs of the wire fence. The Migrant Shrike seldom or never kills small birds, but destroys many large insects and some mice. The nest, made of grass, wool, feathers and various soft materials, is placed almost always in a hawthorne or a wild crab where the spiny tips serve the double purpose of protection from enemies and convenience in hanging its prey. This species comes to us from the south late in March and leaves us again in October, while its larger and more blood-thirsty relative, the Northern Shrike—a much rarer bird—comes to us from the north in late autumn and retires northward again in spring, nesting far beyond our borders.

55. Red-eyed Vireo; Greenlet; Little Hangnest; Preacher. Smaller than a sparrow, olive above and white below, with no sharp markings anywhere, except a light stripe over the eye bordered above by a black line, this vireo is far from conspicuous. Yet it inhabits almost every orchard and grove from May to September, and its cup-shaped nest, hanging from the forked twig of brush or tree, is well known to every nature lover who strolls through the winter woods. Wilson Flagg, who calls this

bird the "Preacher," says of the song: "We might suppose him to be repeating moderately with a pause between each sentence, 'You see it—You know it—Do you hear me? Do you believe it?' All these strains are delivered with a rising inflection at the close and with a pause as if waiting for an answer." We have several other species of vireo, all much alike in plumage and habits, but not so common as the Red-eye. This name, by the way, comes from the fact that the bird's iris is usually decidedly red, sometimes brown-red, sometimes almost crimson. All the vireos are voracious insect eaters and among our most valuable birds. They eat many wild berries and are particularly fond of those of the sassafras and spice-bush.

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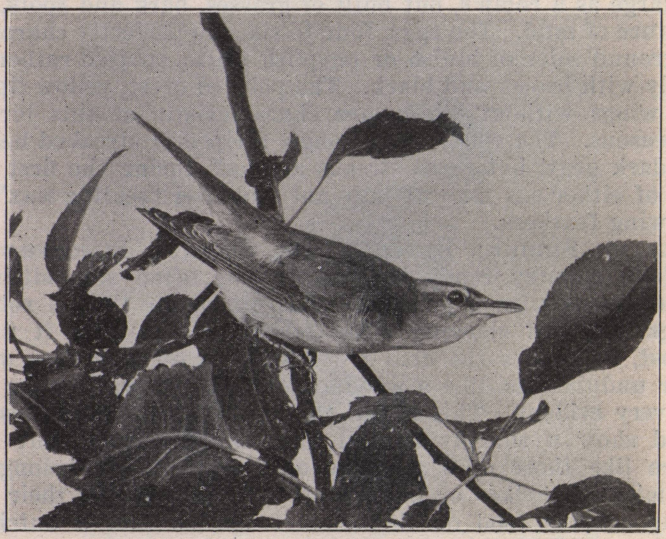
The wood warblers form a group of great interest including scores



RED-EYED VIREO.
Original photograph. Plate loaned by Zoological Department M. A. C.

of species, all exquisitely modeled, dainty, graceful birds, the largest not heavier than an English Sparrow and the smallest little larger than the kinglet and wren. They have slender sharp-pointed bills for probing flower and bud and bark-crevice in search of insects, which form the larger part of their food, though all eat wild berries and some may add a few dry seeds. Almost without exception they feast on plant-lice and the good thus done is beyond computation. Some spend most of their time high up in the tree tops, others confine their explorations to the lower growths, while several species live mostly on the ground. The name warbler is something of a misnomer since their songs, as a rule, are short, feeble, and not particularly musical. Exceptions are found in the Water-thrushes and Ovenbird which sing delightfully. Thirty-seven different species of warblers are credited to Michigan and more than half of them are fairly common at certain times and seasons. All are migratory and many which in the southern counties are only seen

for a few days in spring and fall are regular summer residents in the northern counties where they nest. It is hardly necessary to say that there is great variety in color and pattern of plumage, and since the sexes are often quite unlike and the young different from their parents, while seasonal differences are also great, the beginner must be content for a while to study only the adult males in spring plumage. Some idea of the variety even among these may be had from the statement that among our thirty-seven species, two are black and white only; two black, blue and white; two mainly black and red; four have strong chestnut markings in addition to black, white and yellow; eight are largely olive, with or without black, white and yellow; while twenty-four are strongly marked with yellow in addition to one or more other shades. It is of course impracticable to discuss all these species in detail and we have selected ten of the most abundant and characteristic, giving a few lines to each.

56. Black and White Warbler; Black and White Creeper; Creeper Warbler. Known at a glance by the peculiar color pattern, the bird being striped and streaked everywhere with black and white; a rather broad white stripe passing through the middle of the crown. Combines the habits of warbler and creeper, usually seen running actively over, under and around the trunks, branches and twigs of trees, in its endless search for insects and their eggs. Arrives about May first, and stays until September. Nests always on the ground, and hides the nest under the edge of a stone, log or root, or by digging a little hollow in a bank. Nest rarely found in the southern counties but common anywhere north of the Grand River valley.

57. Yellow Warbler; Golden Warbler; Summer Yellow Bird; Summer Warbler. The yellowest of all our warblers and the only one whose tail is mostly yellow. The male has the under parts streaked with brown, but the female is clear yellow below. Universally distributed over the state from May 1 to August 1. Shows a decided preference for the neighborhood of water and is most often found in thickets along streams or ponds or in the shrubbery of parks, lawns and gardens. The nest is built largely of light colored, flax-like materials torn from various weed stalks, and lined with plant-down of various kinds, making a bulky, deep and warm nest. It is commonly placed in the triple fork of a low bush or tree, seldom more than six feet from the ground. The eggs are bluish or greenish white, rather heavily spotted with brown and purple. Frequently confounded with the Goldfinch, for which there is little excuse.

58. Black-throated Blue Warbler. Upper parts dark blue, the throat, breast and sides clear black, the belly pure white; outer tail feathers marked with white patches. A common summer resident of all but the southern part of the state where it occurs as an abundant migrant spring and fall. It feeds alike among the higher and lower branches and seems to have no marked preference for any particular kind of tree, though it nests most often in the "big woods," not in clearings or bushy openings. The nest is built within two or three feet of the ground and usually with little concealment except that furnished by the moss, bark, spider's silk, etc., with which the outside is ornamented. It is compactly built of fibrous materials and lined mainly with fine black rootlets. The eggs are white with dark spots.

59. MYRTLE WARBLER; YELLOW-RUMPED WARBLER; GOLDEN-CROWNED WARBLER. A central patch of yellow on the crown and another patch of the same color on the rump are good recognition marks for this bird. Add a patch of yellow to each side of the breast, with two white wing bars and some white spaces on the outer tail feathers and there can be no doubt of the identification. This is one of the largest of our arboreal warblers and comes to us in large scattering flocks spring and fall, nesting only in the more northern parts of the state. It feeds much on the ground and eats many seeds and berries as well as insects. The name Myrtle Warbler comes from its fondness for the berries of the wax myrtle or bay-berry (Myrica cerifera) of which it is very fond. It also eats the berries of the poison ivy and poison sumac (Rhus) and so helps to spread these pests. The song is a simple little warble which Thompson Seton describes as "'pheo pheo pheo, phew-phee, phew-phee' the first part uttered very rapidly and the last part with more deliberation." This species prefers the vicinity of evergreens and usually makes its summer home among low spruces, balsams and hemlocks about the edges of swamps or along the shores of lakes and streams. The nest is built in some low evergreen, and the eggs are cream colored with dark dots.

60. MAGNOLIA WARBLER; BLACK AND YELLOW WARBLER; SPOTTED WARBLER. This is another common warbler in which the prevailing colors are black, white and yellow, but although like the preceding species it has a yellow rump it has no yellow on the head. Especially characteristic is the dark tail with a broad zone of pure white across the middle, each feather except the middle pair being dark at base and tip with the middle third white. With us, as a rule, May is the month of warbler migration and this exquisite little bird comes with the rush of spring migrants early in the month and passes northward by the first of June. We have no nesting records for the southern half of the state, but north of the Saginaw-Grand valley it nests frequently in suitable places. The well made nest of twigs and plant fibers, lined with black rootlets, is commonly hidden in some small evergreen at a height of three to ten feet. The song is so variable that no two writers agree in regard to it except as to this fact. Stewart Edward White states that on Mackinac Island he "detected seven distinct songs, no one of which was even a variation of the other."

61. CHESTNUT-SIDED WARBLER; YELLOW-CROWNED WARBLER; QUEBEC WARBLER. In this dainty bird the entire top of the head is yellow, but there is no yellow on the rump, and the under parts are silvery white except for a bold stripe of chestnut which runs along each side from neck to tail. An abundant migrant everywhere in the state, and in all but the southern counties a common summer resident. Doubtless a few nest even in the southernmost counties, but the larger number move into the upper parts of the state to breed. It frequents open hardwoods and second growths, showing a decided preference for shrubby fields and the bushy clearings and edges of the forest, but seems to shun the evergreen swamps and the deep woods. The cup-shaped, thin-walled, but strong nest with its speckled eggs is invariably placed in a bush or thicket and seldom more than three or four feet from the ground. Thompson Seton describes the song as resembling the syllables "chip-e, chip-e, chip-e, chip-e, wai-chip," the emphatic and most distinctive note being the next to the last.

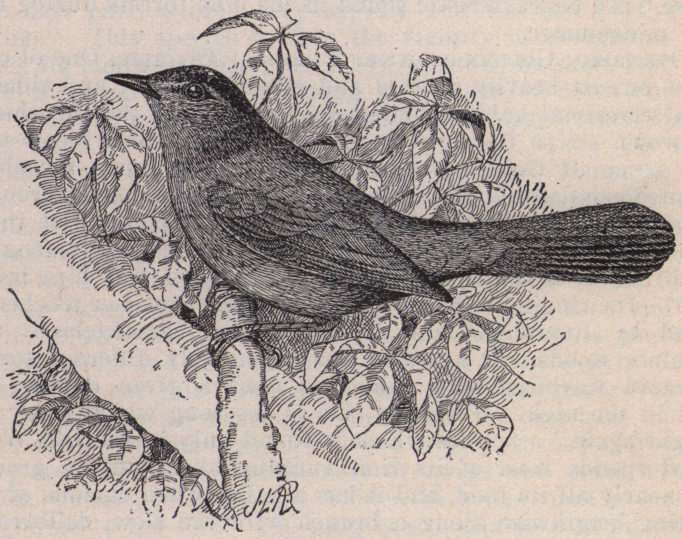
62. BLACK-THROATED GREEN WARBLER; GREEN BLACK-THROAT. Entire upper parts rich olive green; throat, breast and sides velvet black; cheeks and face bright yellow; two white wing-bars and conspicuous white tail spots. Decidedly fond of evergreens and although found almost everywhere during migration seldom seen during the nesting season at any great distance from the conifers. Doubtless any region well supplied with pine, spruce, or juniper will furnish a summer home for this species, but the larger number surely nest well north of the Saginaw-Grand valley. It appears to get most of its food during the nesting season from the upper branches of the forest trees but the nest is rarely placed more than twenty feet from the ground, more often only six or eight feet up. This is one of the species which sings freely through the heat of the day and its measured, almost monotonous little refrain of "zee, zee, zy-zeé-zee," is a characteristic sound in the pine forests during the hottest days of midsummer.

63. OVENBIRD; GOLDEN-CROWNED THRUSH; TEACHER. One of our largest warblers, but its heavily spotted and streaked breast and sides, together with its terrestrial habits, remind one strongly of the thrushes, and the golden-brown stripe through the middle of the crown seems to warrant the old name of Golden-crowned Thrush. The name Ovenbird comes from the dome-shaped nest, like an old-fashioned brick-oven, which is built of fine grasses woven into an almost globular nest with the entrance through the side. This nest is partly sunken in a hollow among the fallen leaves so that it is rarely discovered unless the sitting bird is flushed by accident. Its ringing song of "teacher-teacher-teacher-teacher," is well described by Burroughs and is one of the characteristic sounds of our summer woods. It has at times an entirely different song, a loud, clear, rapid warbling song which is always given during flight and oftenest in the night. Probably this is the song which many ascribe to the "nightingale," a species which is found only in the Old World. The Ovenbird spends most of its time running about on the ground where it finds nearly all its food, and it has a habit, when curious or disturbed, of walking lengthwise along a branch with the slow, deliberate step of a chicken, often "jetting" the tail in the manner of the small thrushes.

64. MARYLAND YELLOWTHROAT; YELLOWTHROAT; NORTHERN YELLOW-THROAT. Partial to wet places and almost confined to the low growths next to the ground, being rarely seen amid the branches of trees even during migration. Active, restless and inquisitive the Yellowthroat is one of the first to respond to any alarm, and though he may keep well hidden in the tangle of grass and vine his metallic, wiry "cheng-cheng" testifies to his interest and anxiety. The regular song is very characteristic and commonly consists of three bars of three notes each, repeated with great regularity and persistency. It may be expressed by the phrase "which is' it—which is' it—which is' it?" with a strong accent on the middle syllable, "is"; but the next Yellowthroat we meet may be inquiring with equal vim "which' is it—which' is it—which' is it?" with the accent on the first word. The golden yellow throat and chest and the black mask or domino are characteristic, while the olive green back, wings and tail, without distinct bars or spots, afford ample confirmation of the diagnosis. The northward migration takes place in May and the return in August and September, but this species breeds in all

parts of the state. The nest is bulky but rather loosely built of grasses, sedges and leaves and is usually placed on or close to the ground, on a tussock or in a mass of briars and tangled grasses. The eggs are white with fine dots and scratches of dark brown and black.

65. REDSTART; REDSTART WARBLER; FIRE-TAIL. This handsome little bird is an abundant migrant throughout the state, as well as a summer resident in all suitable places. The male in full plumage is strikingly beautiful. It has the sides of the breast, a large patch in each wing, and the basal half of the tail bright orange-red or scarlet, the lower breast and belly pure white, and the remainder of the plumage glossy black. The female has the red replaced by yellow and the black by olive-gray above and white below. This is one of the fly-catching warblers and one of the most restless and energetic of all. It is seldom quiet for



CATBIRD.
Biological Survey U. S. Dept. of Agriculture. Plate loaned by Zoological Dept. M. A. C.

an instant but is always flitting about, snapping up insects on the wing, opening and closing the wings and tail constantly, so that it is ever conspicuous. It seldom alights on the ground but gets most of its food among the trees and always builds its nest in the fork of a tall bush, sapling, or small tree. The nest is very small and thin-walled, but compact and fairly durable, being woven out of various fibrous materials and fastened with spider's silk and perhaps other adhesives. The speckled eggs are commonly four, but as the nest is seldom well hidden the Cowbird almost always finds it and adds one or more of its own much larger eggs. The song is characteristic but too variable for satisfactory description.

66. CATBIRD; SLATE-COLORED MOCKINGBIRD. The slate-colored bird of the thickets which mews like a cat, and is known to almost every resident of the country, is the Catbird, and from the middle of April to the end of October it may be found in abundance in proper places all over

the Lower Peninsula and more sparingly, but not the less certainly, in the Upper Peninsula. Though the prevailing color of the bird is slate, the crown and tail are black and the under tail-coverts rust-brown. It is a bird of thickets, vine-tangles and hedges and here the nest of sticks, roots, and bark strips is built. The blue-green, unspotted eggs have a deeper shade than those of Robin or Hermit Thrush.

A remarkable songster, second only to his near relative the Mockingbird, the Catbird sometimes sings steadily for a half hour with great variety and sweetness; at other times it interrupts the even flow of song to interject cat-mewings and those odd crackling notes which Bicknell compares to the snapping of small fagots. He is a voracious insect eater, but often seems to show poor judgment, neglecting the insect enemies of orchard and garden to eat comparatively harmless ants and beetles. On the other hand he is an adroit fruit thief and steals cherries, grapes and other small fruits in quantity. Dr. Forbes in 1881 called him at best "a blessing pretty thoroughly disguised," but later investigation shows that even from the economic standpoint the Catbird is a valuable friend of the farmer, while his interesting habits and charming song far more than offset his slight peculations among the fruit trees and vines.

67. Brown Thrasher; Brown Thrush; Sandy Mockingbird; French Mockingbird. Technically both Catbird and Thrasher are wrens, not thrushes, but to the average country dweller, in Michigan or elsewhere, any plain brownish bird with a spotted breast will continue to be a thrush no matter what the books say. In addition to the heavily spotted breast the Brown Thrasher may be recognized by several other points, particularly the rust-red back, wings and tail and the large size—nearly a foot long—though this is due mainly to the disproportionately long tail, since the bird is not as heavy as a Robin. When close at hand a keen observer would also notice the Thrasher's bright yellow eye. Nehrling says "I regard the Thrasher as the finest of our American songsters. It would take the palm even from the Hermit Thrush and the Mockingbird if only its period of singing were longer—unfortunately it is a prominent singer for a few weeks only; later in the season its voice is rarely heard."

Though commonly believed to imitate other birds, that is not the case, its notes are all its own and the performance has as much individuality and originality as that of the Bobolink. Its call notes include a clear soft "hew" or "few," and a sharp explosive "chap" or "schap" which sounds like a hearty smack. Unlike the Catbird the Thrasher is oftenest found in dry situations, in sandy fields, among roadside bushes, and alike among the sand dunes of the lake shore or the wide stretches of the jack-pine barrens. The nest is of sticks and roots, and may be either on the ground or in a low tree or thicket. The eggs are dull white, heavily and uniformly sprinkled with reddish brown dots. This bird's food is much like that of the catbird but its fruit-eating causes little complaint, since it is less common—never abundant—in gardens, parks and orchards, and it usually satisfies its appetite with the wild fruits of the thicket and forest.

68. House Wren; Common Wren; Brown Wren; Wood Wren. Whether nesting in a painted bird box, a tomato-can, or a deserted woodpecker hole, the Wren has the same sprightly, jerky movements, the

same scolding, chattering notes, the same bubbling, tumultuous little song, repeated twenty times in succession, and the same unflagging zeal for collecting twigs and cramming them into all sorts of possible and impossible nesting places. The small size, brown color and mouse-like activity will usually suffice to identify this bird, and if watched for a few minutes it is pretty sure to lift its tail over its back in the manner of a hen, a characteristic attitude but one never assumed while singing. It arrives from the south late in April, rears two broods, and disappears again late in September. No bird has suffered more from the English Sparrow than the House Wren, and none responds more promptly and satisfactorily to intelligent efforts for its protection. Put up numerous boxes, of almost any kind so they be sparrow proof, and sooner or later you will have Wrens nesting in them, no matter where you live. A hole seven-eighths of an inch in diameter lets a Wren in and keeps a Sparrow out, but a *slit* seven-eighths of an inch wide is better since it bars the Sparrow just as well and allows the Wren to take in the large and crooked twigs which it delights to use for its nest. Also, place boxes on buildings or on platforms on poles so as to keep out cats and squirrels, and remember that for a bird lover there are no good cats but dead cats. You cannot well feed Wrens, but if you will make your garden or lot safe for them by keeping out cats they will find plenty of food for themselves and your garden will profit by their work. Wrens live mainly on insect food and get most of it from the ground, but when feeding young—often six or eight in a brood—they will go to the tops of your shade trees for plant-lice or span worms.

69. Brown Creeper; Tree Creeper; Creeper. If you can imagine a tiny brown bird the size of a Wren but with invisible feet and legs and a tail lengthened, stiffened and pointed like a woodpecker's you will have some idea of the Brown Creeper. To find one is another matter, but if you will watch every moving thing in the woods sooner or later you will detect this little bird like a tiny shadow clinging with tail pressed close against the bark of some great tree and creeping jerkily up, up, up, never directly, but always in a zig-zag or a spiral until lost to sight among the great branches overhead. Then after a little you may hear a thin lisping "seet-seet-seet" and the tiny bird will drop or shoot and glide from the top of one tree to the root of another, only to begin another upward climb. During this upward trip the slender, curved awl-like bill is constantly probing the crevices of the bark and drawing out tiny insects, eggs, cocoons and other tid-bits on which he subsists. He has no other food and no other song, and apparently no other aim in life but to measure as many trees as possible in this methodic but irregular fashion. In May or June it will build an elfish nest of twigs and fibers underneath a sheet of loosened bark on some large trunk in the deep woods, and here the creamy white, faintly speckled eggs will be laid and the little creepers will be reared. The Brown Creeper is found all over Michigan and at all seasons, but is comparatively scarce in winter because the larger number go farther south, while in summer the southern counties are partly deserted, most of the creepers going to the more northern counties to nest.

70. White-bellied Nuthatch; White-breasted Nuthatch; Common Nuthatch; Carolina Nuthatch; Sapsucker (incorrect). This is another climber which seems to spend most of his life in searching the bark

of trees, but in a very different way from the Brown Creeper. This Nuthatch is nearly as large as a sparrow, with blue-gray upper parts, a blackish crown, pure white breast and belly, and soft dark tail broadly tipped with white. Neither body nor tail is pressed against the bark as with creeper or woodpecker, but the large strong feet and legs are always in evidence as the bird scrambles continually up and down tree trunks, sidles rapidly along the main branches, or runs nimbly under and over them, as often head downward as otherwise. It sometimes explores the smaller branches and twigs, examining dead limbs with special care, but as a rule it is busy trying to wedge food into cracks and crevices of the bark or else to get it out again. Often it may be seen carrying a beechnut or a bit of acorn meat in its bill and if watched will be seen to crowd them into holes or crevices in the trees or into cracks of fence posts or chinks in buildings, where it may possibly find them again in time of need. Insects are eaten readily at all times and as the bird certainly does no harm there probably is a substantial economic balance in its favor. The species is common all over the state and although there may be some migratory movement we find this Nuthatch fully as plentiful in central Michigan in winter as in summer, perhaps a little more so. The nest is built in early spring and almost always a natural cavity, a knot-hole or hollow branch, is used, instead of a woodpecker's hole. Sometimes it nests in March, more often in April or early in May. The usual call note is a rather nasal "hank-ank-ank," and it has a variety of low, querulous notes which are used when associating with others of its own kind, and with Chickadees and Downy Woodpeckers in winter. Particularly in late winter and spring, and occasionally at other seasons, it has a loud, clear rolling cry which is difficult to describe and suggests one of the well known calls of the Flicker. This may be the nesting song of the species.

71. CHICKADEE; BLACK-CAPPED CHICKADEE; BLACK-CAPPED TITMOUSE. Common in winter and summer alike and most conspicuous when the trees are bare and most other birds absent, the fluffy little Chickadee comes freely about dwellings even in towns and cities and is quite generally recognized and protected. Hopping from twig to twig, clinging to the bark of the trunk and large limbs, hanging head downward beneath a branch or swinging on the end of a pine cone, it is always prying into the crevices and folds of bark, bud and leaf and extracting the tiny insects or tinier eggs which are a constant threat to the welfare of orchard, park and grove. Its ordinary call note is well expressed in its name, the song being written "chickadee-dee-dee-dee, dee-dee-dee," the number of syllables being variable and the accent almost equally so. Occasionally the bird utters a series of low twittering notes, but hardly long enough to be called a song. Much more characteristic and musical is a clear, soft, long drawn, penetrating whistle of but two notes which suggest the syllables "pee-wee," the second note being a tone or a half tone lower than the first. Though sometimes spoken of as the nesting song it is heard oftenest on clear, cold mornings in February and March, long before any preparations for nesting have been made. This note is often mistaken by the beginner for the call of the Phoebe or Bridge Pewee and most of the early spring reports of the Phoebe are probably mistakes of this kind.

The Chickadee normally nests in deserted woodpecker holes, cavities

in decayed limbs or rails, or similar holes in fence posts and stubs. If no such ready-made cavity is found it is quite capable of making one for itself, though even then it probably takes advantage of a beginning already made by a woodpecker in search of food. The nest is always a felted mass of hair, down and other soft substances and the tiny eggs, white with a few brown dots, vary in number from six to ten. Chickadees are easily attracted in winter by suitable food, a bone nailed to a tree trunk, or a few cracked nuts on the window-sill bringing them day after day, together with Nuthatches, Woodpeckers and Blue Jays.

72. WOOD THRUSH; WOOD ROBIN; SONG THRUSH; BELL-BIRD. This is a common summer resident of southern and middle Michigan and possibly of favorable parts of the Upper Peninsula. Unquestionably it has been generally confused with the Hermit Thrush and much that has been written of one really belongs to the other. Both are magnificent songsters and while opinions differ I am hardly willing to grant that either is much superior to the other. Certainly in most cases the songs of the two species are not to be separated except by the expert of wide experience. The birds themselves are much alike, both have rich brown backs and boldly spotted breasts, but the Wood Thrush is decidedly larger (nearly as large as a Robin), the sides as well as the breast are heavily spotted, and the brown of the upper parts is brightest on head and back, paler on the tail. The Hermit is decidedly smaller, has no spots on the sides, and the tail is darker than the back and head. The nests are quite different, that of the Wood Thrush being built always in a bush or tree at some little height from the ground (4 to 20 feet) , and always having some mud in its composition; the Hermit's, on the other hand, is always built on the ground and is made of leaves, roots and grasses without any mud. The eggs are alike in all but size, clear blue without spots, the Hermit's being the smaller. Many pages have been written of its song. We quote only Nehrling: "It loves the deep half-darkness of the forest solitude with its peace and quiet. Here we can hear the wonderful, harmonious, flute-like song from early dawn to evening twilight. Were it not for hearing repeatedly the far sounding, delightful *eolie halalee* one would hardly know that this famous vocalist had returned home again. Beside this common song-like call it utters a low *tuck* or *tack,* and a quickly reiterated *tuck-tuck-tuck-tuck."*

73. HERMIT THRUSH; RUFOUS-TAILED THRUSH; SOLITARY THRUSH; SWAMP ROBIN. In addition to what has already been said of this bird (in connection with the Wood Thrush) we may say that the Hermit arrives from the south two or three weeks earlier than the Wood Thrush, often by the first week in April, and it frequently appears in such numbers as almost to justify the use of the word flocks. Most of these birds soon pass on northward and doubtless very few ever nest in the southern half of the state. Nor do they sing until their nesting grounds are reached. In common with the other small thrushes they have a low *chuck* of alarm when disturbed and a characteristic habit of lifting the tail quickly and letting it drop back slowly into place. Most of the food is found on the ground and consists largely of insects, though all the thrushes are partial to snails and myriapods, and all eat wild fruits in season.

Dr. Coues says of the song: "The weird associations of the spot where the Hermit triumphs, the mystery inseparable from the voice of an un-

seen musician, conspire to heighten the effect of the sweet, silvery, bell-like notes, which, beginning soft, low and tinkling, rise higher and higher to end abruptly with a clear, ringing intonation."

74. Robin; Robin Redbreast; Migratory Thrush. This, our most familiar species, should be carefully studied by the beginner, who may note to advantage the scores of characteristic motions, acts and notes which may serve to identify the bird at a distance or in such a light that color and even pattern are entirely invisible. He should note also how the neutral tints of the upper parts blend with the background of dry

HERMIT THRUSH.
By W. F. Jackson. Plate loaned by Zoological Dept. M. A. C.

grass, dead leaves, and bare branches; and how the bird may double his apparent size by ruffling the feathers and displaying the red-brown breast to rival and mate, or may shrink and become well nigh invisible at the approach of a danger which may not be avoided by flight. It will help the student to know that the Robin measures nine or ten inches from bill-tip to tail-tip, and may thus serve as a convenient standard of size for comparison with other species.

In average seasons Robins appear in some numbers about the first of March and remain until late in October. In some places "roosts" are formed, particularly toward autumn, and here some Robins linger until late in November unless heavy snow falls to cut off the main food supply.

A few undoubtedly winter in the southern counties every year, and during exceptionally mild winters large flocks may remain.

While the Robin is a general favorite with people as a whole, the small fruit grower complains bitterly of his losses caused by this bird, and the question as to the real value of the Robin—whether the good done by insect-eating fairly offsets the harm done by fruit destruction—has been argued, for more than two hundred years and will probably never be settled satisfactorily to all concerned. That the good done *as a whole* fairly balances the harm done *as a whole,* is very likely true, but the losses fall heavily on a few persons, while the benefits are distributed among the many. The fruit grower's losses can be computed with some exactness but the value of the Robin's song and presence can hardly be expressed in terms of dollars and cents, and it seems likely that in this case the sentiment of the masses will govern and the fruit-grower will have to make the best of an unpleasant situation.

75. Bluebird; Eastern Bluebird; Blue Robin; Blue Redbreast. Known at a glance by the bright blue of the upper parts, including wings and tail, and the deep cinnamon-brown of the breast and sides, only the belly and under tail-coverts being white. This beautiful bird is common in all parts of the state for a large part of the year, arriving and departing at about the same time as the Robin. In spring it is almost invariably seen in pairs, but in late summer and autumn always in little family parties or larger flocks of perhaps half a dozen families. Its beauty, simple but pleasing warble, and its return to us in earliest spring has endeared it to dwellers in town and country alike and rendered it a favorite with nature lovers everywhere. It has no objectionable traits, eats no cultivated fruits, though partial to many wild berries, and is a voracious consumer of insects, of which it eats an immense variety. Its food comes mainly from the ground and so includes some of the beneficial ground beetles, but it also eats caterpillars, cut worms, grasshoppers and a host of others which are always injurious.

It builds a nest of grasses and feathers in a hollow tree, old woodpecker's hole, or bird box, and lays four or five pale blue, unspotted eggs. Formerly it nested in numbers about every village and farm, but since the advent of the English Sparrow it has been driven to seek its home elsewhere and at present is nowhere more abundant than among the blackened or bleached stumps of the desolate plains of the north where it finds congenial food and shelter and freedom from the endless persecution of the Sparrow.

East Lansing, Michigan,
Jan. 30, 1911.

MEMORIAL DAY

MAY THIRTIETH

QUOTATIONS FOR MEMORIAL DAY

I will treasure up the memory of the Nation's dead and on every suitable occasion, as long as life lasts, will present them anew to the youth of this country, as noble examples of heroism and patriotism.
—General William T. Sherman.

Rest, comrades, rest and sleep!
The thoughts of men should be
As sentinels to keep
Your rest from danger free.
—Longfellow.

Till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow; till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing; shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honor, which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The only debt that the nation can never repay is the one to her old soldiers.

Bring ye blossoms of the May
For the brave beloved dead;
Tender memories rise today
O'er each fallen hero's bed.

Bring ye blossoms of the May
Strew each humble soldier's grave;
Liberty shall kneel today
Honoring the true and brave.
Selected.

Of the Blue or the Gray, what matter today!
For each some fond heart weeps;
So, children dear, make the spot less drear
Wherever a soldier sleeps.
—W. D. Howells.

Let little hands bring blossoms sweet
To brave men lying low;
Let little hearts to soldiers dead
Their love and honor show.
We'll love the flag they loved so well,
The dear old banner bright;
We'll love the land for which they fell
With soul and strength and might.

Grave deep their memory on your hearts,
Keep ye their country free;
Live for the flag for which they died—
This is their legacy.

—N. M. Lowater.

The army of Grant and the army of Lee are together. They are one in faith, one in hope, in fraternity, in purpose, and in an invincible patriotism. In justice strong, in policy secure, and in devotion to the flag, all one.—William McKinley.

I, with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went and who returned not.

—James Russell Lowell.

Cover them over—yes, cover them over,
Parent and husband and brother and lover;
Think of those faraway heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

—Will Carlton.

Your silent tents of green
We deck with fragrant flowers;
Yours has the suffering been,
The memory shall be ours.

—Longfellow.

These are the flowers I love the best,
And I've brought them all to lay
With loving hands where soldiers rest,
On Decoration day.

—Susie M. Best.

It is little we can do
To show our love for you,
O warriors blest;
But our fairest, choicest flowers
Shall fall in fragrant showers
Where you rest.

Thank God for deeds of valor done!
Thank God for victories hardly won!
That such as you need never know
The anguish of those days of woe;
For time and peace old wounds have healed,
And flowers now strew the battlefield.

They were the defenders of humanity, the destroyers of prejudice, the breakers of chains, and in the name of the future they slew the monster of their time. All honor to the brave! They kept our country on the map of the world, and our flag in heaven.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

A debt we ne'er can repay,
To them is justly due,
And to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
"They died for me and you!"
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Made this, our ransomed soil, their grave,
For me and you!
Good friend, for me and you!

STAND BY THE FLAG

Stand by the flag! Its folds have streamed in glory,
To foes a fear, to friends a festal robe;
And spread in rhythmic lines the sacred story
Of Freedom's triumphs over all the globe.

Stand by the flag! On land and ocean billow,
By it our fathers stood unmoved and true;
Living, defended; dying, for their pillow,
With their last blessing passed it on to you.

Stand by the flag! All doubt and treason scorning,
Believe, with courage firm and faith sublime,
That it will float until the eternal morning
Pales in its glories all the lights of time.

—Anon.

THE SCHOOL AND THE FLAG

Ye who love the Republic, remember the claim
Ye owe to her fortunes, ye owe to her name,
To her years of prosperity past and in store,
A hundred behind you, a thousand before.
'Tis the schoolhouse stands by the flag,
Let the Nation stand by the school;
'Tis the school-bell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot will rule.

The blue arch above us is Liberty's dome,
The green fields beneath us, Equality's home.
But the schoolroom to-day is humanity's friend,—
Let the people the flag and the schoolhouse defend.
'Tis the schoolhouse stands by the flag,
Let the Nation stand by the school;
'Tis the school-bell that rings for our Liberty old,
'Tis the schoolboy whose ballot shall rule.
—Butterworth on "The Schoolhouse Stands by the Flag."

MEANING OF THE COLORS

First Pupil:

Red, from the leaves of the autumn woods
Of our frost kissed northern hills;
Red, to show that patriot blood
Is beating now in a hurrying flood
In the hearts of American men.

Second Pupil:

White, from the fields of stainless drift
On our wide western plains;
White, to show that as pure as snow
We believe the Christ light yet shall glow
In the souls of American men.

Third Pupil:

Blue, from the arch of the winter sky
O'er our fatherland outspread;
Blue, to show that as wide as heaven
Shall justice to all mankind be given
At the hands of American men.

All:

Red, white, and blue, and the light of stars,
Through our holy colors shine;
Love, truth and justice, witness three,
That shall bloom in the land of liberty,
In the homes of American men.

THE BEST DECORATION

They've hung a big Old Glory on a rope across the street,
And just to see it flutter puts a tickle in my feet,
And sends a crinkle up my back and down into each arm—
It makes me hear the bugle call and feel war's awful charm;
I hear the fife notes shrilling and the throbbing of the drum;
I hear the yell of battle as the thund'rous hoof thuds come;
I see men's bodies falling, though their spirits never lag—
Such thrills as this run through me when I see that swaying flag!

Look—look! The breeze has caught it up and holds it, while the sun
Sets all its stripes a-glitter, while the ripples race and run!
The glory of those ruddy bands shut in by lanes of white,
Floods all my dusky deskroom with a lingering, loving light;
I drop my work enraptured; while, to break that magic spell,
I doff my hat and waive it with a loud ecstatic yell—
I love that flag! I love it with a love 'twould dare and die—
God bless those glorious stripes and stars flung out against the sky!

I love it as did Francis Key, who penned th' immortal song;
I love it with a fervor that can never think it wrong;
I love it for the freedom it has given unto men;
I love it for its beauty, for its gracefulness, and then
I love it with the patriot love that never wonders why,
But sheds hot tears whene'er those folds he sees athwart the sky;
I love it for the lessons it has taught to men of brag—
But, most of all, I love it just because it is OUR FLAG!

—Baltimore American.

THE NAME OF OLD GLORY—1898

When, why, and by whom, was our flag, The Stars and Stripes, first called "Old Glory"?

—Daily Query to Press.

I.

Old Glory! say, who,
By the ships and the crew,
And the long, blended ranks of the Gray and the Blue,
Who gave you, Old Glory, the name that you bear
With such pride everywhere,
As you cast yourself free to the rapturous air,
And leap out full length, as we're wanting you to?
Who gave you that name, with the ring of the same,
And the honor and fame so becoming to you?
Your stripes stroked in ripples of white and of red,
With your stars at their glittering best overhead—
By day or by night
Their delightfulest light
Laughing down from their little square heaven of blue;
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—say who—
Who gave you the name of old Glory?

The old banner lifted, and faltering then
In vague lisps and whispers fell silent again.

II.

Old Glory—speak out! We are asking about
How you happened to "favor" a name, so to say,
That sounds so familiar and careless and gay,
As we cheer it, and shout in our wild, breezy way—
We—the crowd, every man of us, calling you that—
We,—Tom, Dick and Harry,—each swinging his hat
And hurrahing "Old Glory!" like you were our kin,
When—*Lord!*—we all know we're as common as sin!
And yet it just seems like you *humor* us all
And waft us your thanks, as we hail you and fall
Into line, with you over us, waving us on
Where our glorified, sanctified betters have gone.
And this is the reason we're wanting to know
(And we're wanting it *so!*)
Where our own fathers went we are willing to go,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory—O-ho!—
Who gave you the name of Old Glory?

The old flag unfurled with a billowy thrill
For an instant; then wistfully sighed and was still.

III.

Old Glory! the story we're wanting to hear
Is what the plain facts of your christening were,—
For your name—just to hear it,
Repeat it, and cheer it, 's a tang to the spirit
As salt as a tear;
And seeing you fly, and the boys marching by,
There's a shout in the throat and a blur in the eye,
And an aching to live for you always—or die,
If, dying, we still keep you waving on high.
And so, by our love
For you, floating above,
And the scars of all wars and the sorrows thereof,
Who gave you the name of Old Glory, and why
Are we thrilled at the name of Old Glory?

Then the old banner leaped, like a sail in the blast,
And fluttered an audible answer at last.

And it spake, with a shake of the voice, and it said:—
"By the driven snow-white and the living blood-red
Of my bars, and their heaven of stars overhead—
By the symbol conjoined of them all, skyward cast,
As I float from the steeple, or flap at the mast,
Or droop o'er the sod where the long grasses nod,
My name is as old as the glory of God.
. . . So I came by the name of Old Glory."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Atlantic Monthly, December, 1898.

FLOWERS FOR THE BRAVE

Once again the flowers we gather on these sacred mounds to lay;
O'er the tombs of fallen heroes float the stars and stripes today.
From the mountain, hill and valley issued forth a noble throng,
With heroic valor fighting till was heard the victor's song.

But these brave men now are sleeping while their deeds in memory live
And the tribute we are bringing 'tis the nation's joy to give.
Bring we here the gold and purple, scarlet, blue, and lily white,
Tassels from the silver birches and the tulips gay and bright.

Swords no more are brightly flashing, foes no more our land molest;
Slumb'ring in the green-clad valley, low and peaceful is their rest;
Earth to them so full of promise, home and friends and life so dear,
But when loud the war-cry echoed quick the answer, "We are here!"

Swiftly now the years are rolling, while the honor and the fame
Of the valiant brave increases, and more dear each noble name.
Bring the flowers their graves to garland, let the sweetest music rise
Let the stars and stripes be waving o'er their gen'rous sacrifice.

THE BETTER WAY

Who serves his country best?
Not he who, for a brief and stormy space,
Leads forth her armies to the fierce affray.
Short is the time of turmoil and unrest,
Long years of peace succeed it and replace:
There is a better way.

Who serves his country best?
Not he who guides her senates in debate,
And makes the laws which are her prop and stay;
Not he who wears the poet's purple vest,
And sings her songs of love and grief and fate:
There is a better way.

He serves his country best,
Who joins the tide that lifts her nobly on;
For speech has myriad tongues for every day,
And song but one; and law within the breast
Is stronger than the graven law on stone:
There is a better way.

He serves his country best
Who lives pure life, and doeth righteous deed,
And walks straight paths, however others stray,
And leaves his sons as uttermost bequest
A stainless record which all men may read:
This is the better way.

No drop but serves the slowly lifting tide,
No dew but has an errand to some flower,
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray,
And man by man, each giving to all the rest,
Makes the firm bulwark of the country's power:
There is no better way.

—Susan Coolidge.

HOW TO SALUTE THE FLAG

(*For larger pupils.*)

Right hand lifted, palm downward, to a line with the forehead and close to it. Standing thus, all repeat together, slowly:

"I pledge allegiance to my Flag and to the Republic for which it stands: One Nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all."

At the words, "to my Flag," the right hand is extended gracefully, palm upward, toward the Flag, and remain in this gesture till the end of the affirmation; whereupon all hands immediately drop to the side.

THE SOLDIER BOY FOR ME

The man who wears the shoulder-straps
And has his sword in hand,
Who proudly strides along in front,
Looks good, and brave, and grand;
But, back there in the ranks somewhere,—
Just which I cannot see,—
With his gun upon his shoulder, is
The soldier boy for me!—

The man who wears the shoulder-straps
Is handsome, brave, and true,
But there are other handsome boys,
And other brave ones, too!
When there are heights that must be won
While bullets fill the air,
'Tis not the officer alone
Who braves the dangers there.

The man who wears the shoulder-straps
Is cheered along the way
And public honor dulls his dread
Of falling in the fray
But there behind him in the ranks,
And moving like a part
Of some machine, is many a man
With just as brave a heart.

The man who wears the shoulder-straps
Deserves the people's praise;
I honor and applaud him for
The noble part he plays;
But, back there in the ranks somewhere,
Stout-hearted, brave, is he,—
Prepared to do, and nerved to dare,—
The soldier boy for me!

—S. E. Kiser.

SALUTE TO THE FLAG

(*For very small pupils.*)

"I give my Head and my Heart to God and my Country. One Country, one Language, one Flag."

REUNITED

I've been thinkin' of it over an' it 'pears to me today
The war's the biggest blessin' that has ever come our way;
Course, thar'll be some fightin', an' a few more graves 'll be
Whar the daisies in the medder look their purtiest at me,—

For that's to be expected; but—the thing that makes me feel
That the war's a heavenly blessin' is the wounds that it'll heal!
The old wounds that's been ranklin' sence the day that Gin'rul Lee
Said we'd rest an' think it over by that old-time apple-tree!

I see the boys that fit us in the Union coats of blue
On the same groun',—hale an' hearty, an' a-shakin' howdy-do!
An' I hear the ban' play "Dixie," an' I see 'em march away,
Till I can't tell whar the blue is, and I'm mixed up on the gray!

The old war tunes air ringin' an' "Dixie's" on the rise
But "Yankee Doodle" follers 'fore it's half-way to the skies!
An' the old "Star Spangled Banner" is in ever' steeple's chime,
An' I tell you, we're a-havin' of a hallelujah time!

I'm glad I've lived to see it; I'm glad the time is come
When, North an' South, we answer to the roll-call of the drum!
When thar ain't no line divides us, but North an' South we stan'
For jest one common country,—one freedom-lovin' lan'!

That's whar the war's a blessin', that's whar 'pears like I see
A brighter mornin' breakin' on the hills for you an' me!
It's shoulder now to shoulder,—thar ain't no blue or gray,—
An' we're shoutin' "Hallelujay," an' we're happy on the way!

Frank L. Stanton.

GRANDPA'S OLD CHUM

My grandpa he was in the war,—
  Grandpa and his old chum,
Who lives down there at Engle Bar;
  It's fun to have him come.
And grandpa shakes him by the hand,
And pounds him on the back—my land—
'Tis fun to see them laugh, and I
Have seen them laughing when they cry.
When his old chum said he had been
To the Encampment, and had seen
Those fellows they call G. A. R.,
Who'd fought with grandpa in the war,
Then grandpa cried. Tears in his eyes,
He laughed and said, "Now don't tell lies;
You say that you saw Tom McClure,
I'd give a hundred dollars sure
To see that fellow. And say, was he
As jolly as he used to be?
There's many a time we would have died
Of home-sickness and sick beside,
But for his monkey shines—and say,
How he could sing! Well, anyway
He was a trump! And you saw him;
I want to know! And lanky Jim,
George Jones and Bill and Bob Baloo;
I wish that I had gone there too.
What's that, old chum, I heard you say?
You're going? No! You're going to stay
And lunch with me;" and grandpa he
Just makes him stay; and ma and me,
And little sister what's just come,
He don't like as well as his old chum.

—Libbie C. Baer.

MEMORIAL DAY

Gather the garlands rare today,
  Snow-white roses and roses red;
Gather the fairest flowers of May,
Heap them up on the heaps of clay,
  Gladden the graves of the noble dead.

This day the friends of the soldiers keep,
  And they will keep it through all the years;
To the silent city where soldiers sleep
Will come with flowers to watch and weep
  And water the garlands with their tears.

"ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK"

The sun had sunk into the distant west;
The cannon ceased to roar which tell of rest;
Rest from the shedding of a nation's blood,
Rest to lay their comrades 'neath the sod.

'Twas early spring, and calm and still the night,
The moon had risen casting silvery light;
On either side of stream the armies lay
Waiting for morn to renew the fray.

The Rappahannock silently flowed on,
Between the hills so fair to look upon;
Whose dancing waters tingled with silvery light,
Vied in their beauty with the starry night.

But list! from the northern hill there steals along
The softest strain of music and of song—
The "Starry Banner," our nation's glorious air,
To tell to all of gallant flag still there.

Then "Hail Columbia" a thousand voices sing
With all their souls and make the hilltops ring,
From fire to fire, from tent to tent, then flew
The welcome words, "Lad, sing the 'Boys in Blue.'"
And well they sang, each heart was filled with joy,
From first in rank to little drummer boy.

Their lusty cheering reached the southern ear,
Men who courted danger knew no fear,
And talking o'er their scanty evening meal,
Each did grasp his trusty blade of steel.

Soon upon the northern ear there fell
The air of "Dixie" which was loved so well
By every one who wore the coat of gray,
And is still revered and cherished to this day.

In "Dixie Land" they swore to live and die,
That was their watchword, that their battle cry;
Then rose on high the wild confederate yell,
Resounding over every hill and dell.

Cheer after cheer went up that starry night,
From men as brave as ever saw the light;
Now all is still, each side has played his part.
How simple songs can fire a soldier's heart!

But hark! from Rappahannock's stream there floats
Another air; but ah, how changed the notes!
Not those that lash men's passions into foam,
But richest gem of song—'twas "Home, Sweet Home."

Played by a band that touched the very soul!
And down the veteran's cheeks the tear drops stole.
Men who would walk to the very cannon's mouth,
Now wept like children, from both North and South.

Beneath those well-worn coats of gray and blue,
Were tender, loving hearts, both brave and true.
The sentry stopped and rested on his gun,
While back to home his thoughts did quickly run,
Thinking of loving wife and children there
With no one left to guard them or to care.

The stripling lad not strong enough to bear
The weight of saber and knapsack wear
Tried to stop with foolish, boyish pride
The starting tear; as well might stop the tide
Of ceaseless rolling ocean just as well,
As stop those tears which fast and faster fell.

Then lo! by mutual sympathy there rose
A shout tremendous, forgetting they were foes;
A simultaneous shout which rang from every voice,
And seemed to make the very heavens rejoice.

Sweet music's charm! one chord doth make us wild:
But change the strain, we weep as little child;
Touch yet another, men charge the battery gun
And by those martial tones a victory's won;
It matters not from whence, how far we roam,
No heart so cold that does not love "Sweet Home."

—Anon.

AGE OF SOLDIERS IN THE CIVIL WAR

The records in the office of the adjutant general in Washington show that the war of the Rebellion the enlisted men were comprised of the following grades:

10 years and under	25
11 years and under	38
12 years and under	225
13 years and under	300
14 years and under	1,523
15 years and under	104,987
16 years and under	231,051
17 years and under	844,981
18 years and under	1,151,438
21 years and under	2,159,798
22 years and over	618,511
25 years and over	46,626
44 years and over	16,971
Total	5,176,474

—Journal of Education.

HE WEARS THE BUTTON ON HIS COAT

Hats off! They pass with measured tread;
Their step is slow. Make bare your head!
If president or king passed by
Your eager shouts would rend the sky.
These men are kings and heroes all,
We pause—the shining roll we call;
On each the seal of honor set,
He needs no other coronet—
He wears the button on his coat.

This bronze is neither bought nor sold;
No price has it in market gold.
Of cannon forged, its origin
Was fire and smoke and battle din.
Like fife and drum and bugle call,
Like whistling of the Minnie ball,
Like human lips oft tried with pain,
It speaks a language stern and plain,
This somber button on the coat.

The silent army! O'er their graves
The dear old flag in beauty waves.
Spring flowers their sweetest fragrance shed,
Love's votive off'ring to our dead.
Shall altar fires, unfed, grow cold?
Shall love lose heart by waxing old?
Forbid! Then rather let us vow
To ever honor him as now
Who wore the button on his coat.

—William Bernard Norton, Ph. D.

A SONG FOR FLAG DAY

Out on the breeze,
O'er land and seas,
A beautiful banner is streaming.
Shining its stars,
Splendid its bars,
Under the sunshine 'tis gleaming.

Over the brave
Long may it wave,
Peace to the world ever bringing.
While to the stars,
Linked with the bars,
Hearts will forever be singing.

—Lydia Coonley Ward.

GETTYSBURG

You wore the blue and I the gray
On this historic field;
And all throughout the dreadful fray
We felt our muscles steeled
For deeds which men may never know,
Nor page of history ever show.

My father, sir, with soul to dare,
Throughout the day and night,
Stood on old Little Round Top there,
And watched the changeful fight,
And, with a hoarse, inspiring cry,
Held up the stars and bars on high.

At last the flag went down, and then—
Ah, you can guess the rest—
I never saw his face again.
My father's loyal breast
Is strewn with these sweet flow'rs, I wot,
That seem to love this sacred spot.

The smoke of battle's cleared away,
And all its hatreds, too;
And as I clasp your hand today,
O, man who wore the blue,
On yonder hill I seem to see
My father smiling down to me.

—Eugene Field.

OLD FLAG FOREVER

She's up there,—Old Glory,—where lightnings are sped
She dazzles the nations with ripples of red;
And she'll wave for us living, or drop o'er us dead,—
The flag of our country forever!
She's up there,—Old Glory,—how bright the stars stream!
And the stripes like red signals of liberty gleam!
And we dare for her, living, or dream the last dream,
'Neath the flag of our country forever!
She's up there,—Old Glory,—no tyrant-dealt scars,
No blur on her brightness, no stain on her stars!
The brave blood of heroes hath crimsoned her bars.
She's the flag of our country forever!

Frank L. Stanton.

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY

Oh, the roses we plucked for the blue,
And the lilies we twined for the gray,
We have bound in a wreath,
And in silence beneath
Slumber our heroes today.

Over the new-turned sod
The sons of our fathers stand,
And the fierce old fight
Slips out of sight
In the clasp of a brother's hand.

For the old blood left a stain
That the new has washed away,
And the sons of those
That have faced as foes
Are marching together today.

Oh, the blood that our fathers gave!
Oh, the tide of our mothers' tears!
And the flow of red,
And the tears they shed,
Embittered a sea of years.

But the roses we plucked for the blue,
And the lilies we twined for the gray
We have bound in a wreath,
And in glory beneath
Slumber our heroes today!

Albert Bigelow Paine.

OUR BANNER

Flag of our country, far afloat,
Over the land and the sea!
The steadfast light on Glory's height,
The banner of the free!

Purity speaks from your folds of white,
Truth from your sky of blue,
Courage shines forth in the crimson stripes,
And leads to victories new.

Fadeless, like stars in the arching skies,
In glory your stars shine on,
And promise the peace that ne'er shall cease,
In the land by valor won.

—Marie Zetterburg.

UNION AND LIBERTY

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battlefield's thunder and flame
Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry,
Union and Liberty! One evermore!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

* * * * * * *

Lord of the universe! Shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us, the MANY IN ONE.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

DECORATION DAY

We give this peaceful day to hope,
O country of our love and prayer;
The way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and air!

Tried as by furnace fires, and yet
By God's grace only stronger made,
To meet new tasks before thee set
Thou shalt not lack the old-time aid.

The fathers sleep; but men remain
As wise, as true, as brave as they,
Why count the loss and not the gain?
The best is that we have today.

O land of lands! to thee we give
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free;
For thee our sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee.

—J. G. Whittier.

HER PAPA

My papa's all dressed up today,
He never looked so fine,
I though when I first looked at him,
My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—
The old one was so old—
It's blue, with bottons, O, so bright,
I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sort
O' sad—I wonder why?
And every time she looks at him
It makes my mama cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says
That he belongs to him;
But papa's joking, 'cause he knows
My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
And mama. And I guess
The folks are blind who cannot see
His buttons, marked U. S.

U S. spells us. He's ours—and yet
My mama can't help cry,
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't—I wonder why?

A CHILD'S OFFERING

Here is a lily and here is a rose,
And here is a heliotrope,
And there is the woodbine sweet that grows
On the garden's sunny slope.

Here is a bit of mignonette,
And here's a geranium red,
A pansy bloom, and a violet
I found in a mossy bed.

These are the flowers I love the best,
And I've brought them all to lay
With loving hands where soldiers rest,
On Decoration Day.

—Susie M. Best.

OUR FLAG

We pledge allegiance to our flag,
To it we will be true,
We will defend it with our lives,
Our own red, white and blue.

The white, it stands for purity,
For faith and truth the blue,
The red, for courage bold and strong,
There's meaning in each hue.

We love the stars, the many stars
Upon their field of blue.
We love the stripes of red and white,
We know their meaning, too.

"Star Spangled Banner" it is called;
Sometimes "Old Glory," too,
Sometimes "The Banner of the Free,"
Our own red, white and blue.

We pledge allegiance to our flag,
To it we will be true,
We will defend it with our lives,
Our own red, white and blue.
(*Salute.*)

THREE VETERANS

I saw them pass in the ranks today,
Grandsire, father and stalwart son;
Each was a veteran, tried and true,
Had marched in the ranks and borne a gun.

One fought with Scott in Mexico,
Then followed Grant, his son at his side;
The wine of battle was in their blood—
They must follow the flag, whate'er betide.

The younger—he has tales to tell
Of war afar on Cuban soil,
Of the deadly trench and the thrilling charge,
And the conqueror's joy in battle toil.

We may leave our country to our sons—
They follow, as we did, their sires;
No coward strain the red blood knows,
Once warmed in Freedom's battle fires.

—Ninette M. Lowater.

THE LAST OLD SOLDIER

Say, boys, have you heard what the newspapers say?—
One hundred and fifty old soldiers a day,
Foot sore and weary have dropped out at last,
Back on the road where the column has passed.

Every week—seven days—keep the number in mind,
Another full regiment lagging behind;
We bid them good-bye with a tear and a song,
And the column keeps steadily marching along.

Every three weeks another brigade
Back in the quiet old church-yard is laid;
One look at the spot where they peacefully sleep,
And each at his place in the column must keep.

Sixty days—a division forever at rest
No pickets thrown out, no foe will molest;
And let it be morning, at noon or at night,
The column moves onward—is soon out of sight.

Every six months a full army corps
Goes into camp on the furthermost shore,
No break in the column,—the evening is damp,
But never mind boys, *we'll soon be in camp.*

An army each year, and weary, I ween,
Sleeps 'neath the sod with the grass growing green,
An army complete, Fifty Thousand Strong,
And the column is still moving slowly along.

Soon there will be but an invalid corps
Of an army that numbered two millions or more—,
A division, brigade, then a regiment small,
Too feeble to note when a comrade shall fall.

At last but a company, then a platoon,
A few stragglers left; then soon, oh, too soon,
They will read this small item: "The news comes today
That the last old soldier has just passed away."

—A. H. McGregor.

DECORATION DAY

I.

The Eastern wizards do a wondrous thing,
Which travelers, having seen, scarce dare to tell;
Dropping a seed in earth, by subtle spell
Of hidden heat they force the germ to spring
To instant life and growth; no faltering
'Twixt leaf and flower and fruit; they rise and swell
To perfect shape and size, as if there fell
Upon them all which seasons hold and bring.
But Love far greater magic shows today;
Lifting its feeble hands, which can but reach
The hands-breadth up, it stretches all the way
From earth to heaven, and, triumphant, each
Sweet wilting blossom sets, before it dies,
Full in the sight of smiling angels' eyes.

II.

But, ah! the graves which no man names or knows;
Uncounted graves, which never can be found;
Graves of the precious "missing," where no sound
Of tender weeping will be heard, where goes
No loving step of kindred. O, how flows
And yearns our thought to them! More holy ground
Of graves than this, we say, is that whose bound
Is secret till eternity disclose its sign.
But nature knows her wilderness,
There are no "missing" in her numbered
ways,
In her great heart is no forgetfulness,
Each grave she keeps, she will adorn, caress;
We cannot lay such wreaths as summer lays
And all her days are Decoration Days.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.

THE LITTLE BRONZE BUTTON

Sometimes in passing along the street, I meet a man who in the left lapel of his coat wears a little, plain, modest, unassuming bronze button. The coat is often old and rusty; the face seamed and furrowed by the toil and suffering of adverse years; perhaps above it hangs an empty sleeve, and below it stumps a wooden peg. But when I meet the man who wears that button, I doff my hat and stand uncovered in his presence—yea! to me the very dust his weary feet had pressed is holy ground; for I know that man, in the dark hour of the nation's

peril, bared his breast to the hell of battle to keep the flag of our country in the Union sky.

Maybe at Donelson, he reached the inner trench; at Shiloh, held the broken line; at Chattanooga, climbed the flame-swept hill; or stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights. He was not born or bred to soldier life. His country's summons called him from the plow, the bench, the forge, the loom, the mine, the store, the office, the college, the sanctuary. He did not fight for greed of gold, to find adventure or to win renown. He loved the peace of quiet ways; and yet he broke the clasp of clinging arms, turned from the witching glance of tender eyes, left good-bye kisses on tiny lips, to look death in the face on desperate fields. And when the war was over, he quietly took up the broken threads of love and life as best he could, a better citizen for having been so good a soldier.—John M. Thurston.

TAPS

Sleep,
Now that the charge is won,
Sleep in the narrow clod;
Now it is set of sun,
Sleep till the trump of God—
Sleep.

Sleep,
Fame is a bugle call
Blown past a crumbling wall,
Battles are clean forgot,
Captains and towns are not;
Sleep shall outlast them all—
Sleep.